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THE DAY THEY GAVE BABIES AWAY

Screenplay

by

Katherine and Dale Eunson

Stapled

ORIGINAL RECIPIENT RESPONSIBLE FOR CUSTODY AND FOR RETURN TO STENOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT, AND MAY NOT LEND OR DELIVER TO ANOTHER PERSON WITHOUT PROPER AUTHORITY

Changes
6/25/56
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FINAL SCRIPT

122

JUNE 6, 1956

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Received from

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FINAL

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Screenplay

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Katherine and Dale Eunson

FADE IN (BEFORE TITLES)

1 EXT. THE FOX RIVER - NIGHT

Robbie Eunson, age twelve, is wearily pulling his baby sister, Jane, behind him on a sled up the frozen river. She is whimpering, cold. Directly he looks off, sees something. His face brightens.

ROBBIE
Don't cry, Janey. I see a house. Maybe that's where we're goin'.

2 EXT. HOUSE ALONG RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Prominent in the front window is a lighted Christmas tree. From within we HEAR the sound of children's voices singing a Christmas carol. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY TO ROBBIE pulling the sled up to front of house. He lets go the sled, goes to the door, knocks, then goes back to sled, picks up his baby sister and carries her to the door. Directly it opens, bathing him and the child in a glow of warm light. In the doorway stands a plump, motherly looking woman gazing down at the children. Robbie speaks to her - but we do not hear his voice since the SOUND of music is rising. She holds out her hands and takes the baby from him. SCENE DISSOLVES INTO

TITLES AND CREDITS

FADE IN

3 EXT. MAIN STREET - EUREKA, WISCONSIN - DAY

The business block of a village of some five hundred souls in the year 1856. A few rigs are tied up at hitching posts. There is moderate activity. A steamboat whistles in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

3 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
Kids think nothing ever happened before they were born. But what happened to all of us really and truly began the day our mother and father got off the steamboat in Eureka, Wisconsin. Papa told me later it was September 3rd, 1856...

We see, coming around the corner from the dock, a young man and woman. He is twenty-eight - good looking, gay, fun-loving, not at all your dour Scot. He wears a suit of foreign-looking homespun with a plaid tam o'shanter set rakishly on his head. Slung over his back is a trunk. The woman, slightly younger and quite pregnant, wears a bonnet and shawl. In one hand she carries a carpet bag, and with the other leads a somewhat recalcitrant nanny goat. They seem to be looking for something as they advance up the street. The two bewildered immigrants pause before "Bradley's Store and Post Office." HARRY BRADLEY, in his early fifties, is unloading groceries from his democrat wagon, produce which has obviously arrived by boat. He pauses, when he sees the immigrants.

ROBERT
I wonder - could you direct a body to the house of Will Jamison?

Harry Bradley gives both Robert and Mamie a quick, uncomfortable look.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Forgive me for not introducin' mysel'. My name's Robert Strong Eunson and I come from the Shetland Isles. My wife's Uncle Jamison wrote us a letter invitin' us to America.

HARRY BRADLEY
Will never mentioned it.

ROBERT
(humorously)
That's the Jamisons for you. Close-mouthed. Eh, Mamie?
(back to Harry Bradley)
This is my Missus, Mr. ?

HARRY BRADLEY
Bradley. Harry Bradley. This is Howard Tyler.

(CONTINUED)

3 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
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(back to Harry Bradley)
This is my Missus, Mr. ?

HARRY BRADLEY
Bradley. Harry Bradley.

(CONTINUED)

3 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
We're pleased to make your acquaintance.

He puts out his hand to Bradley. Bradley seems somewhat reluctant and strangely embarrassed to take it. However, as he does so he glances at the pregnant Mamie.

HARRY BRADLEY
I'm afraid you must prepare yourself for a shock.

ROBERT
Oh?

HARRY BRADLEY
Will Jamison is - dead. His house burned to the ground three weeks ago.

Robert and Mamie turn to each other in consternation.

HARRY BRADLEY (cont'd)
We'd all told Will to put up a lightning rod. But he said it was a useless expense...

DISSOLVE TO

4 EXT. UNCLE JAMISON'S TRACT OF LAND ON THE RIVER - DAY

Robert and Mamie stand staring at the burned out skeleton of a small house. The goat is grazing. Mamie sits forlorn on the trunk. Robert stands beside her, his hand on her shoulder comfortingly.

ROBERT
Now, lass, you hadn't seen your uncle since you were a wee one. Don't grieve.

MAMIE
(wretched)
We work - and slave - and pinch our pennies for the passage - with the family sayin' how foolhardy we are -

ROBERT
But we wanted the babie to be born in the new world.

(CONTINUED)

4 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
(bitterly, staring at the charred hulk of cabin)
The land of opportunity. Oh, Rob, what are we to do?

DR. DELBERT, a sensitive, intelligent man in his late forties, and his wife, LELA, drive up in a buggy and stop beside Robert and Mamie.

DR. DELBERT
(jumping down from buggy)
I heard you young folks had come out - here.

LELA DELBERT
(frowning)
Harry Bradley should have known better than to let you.

DR. DELBERT
I'm Dr. Delbert.
(turning to Lela)
My wife.

Robert and Dr. Delbert shake hands formally. Ad lib How-do-you-do's.

LELA DELBERT
And of course you're coming straight home with us.

ROBERT
(pridefully)
We have money to pay for a night's lodging at the inn.

DR. DELBERT
I'm afraid there's no inn this side of Oshkosh.

LELA DELBERT
(looking at Mamie; with a gentle smile)
And I'm certainly not going to let you go to the stable.

Robert and Mamie start to protest, but Lela goes right on.

(CONTINUED)

4 (CONTINUED)

LELA DELBERT (cont'd)
No, no. No trouble at all. You'll have the girls' room, and they'll sleep on the parlor floor. They're used to it...

Her voice trails off as we

DISSOLVE TO

5 EXT. THE DELBERT HOME - NIGHT

This is a substantial white house of the period, surrounded by a picket fence. Beside the front door is a shingle, Adam Delbert, M.D. It is swaying slightly in the wind and there is a distant sound of thunder OVER.

6 INT. DELBERT GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT OF MAMIE ALONE IN FOURPOSTER. A flash of lightning reveals her asleep, but the thunder which quickly follows brings her upright, her eyes staring into the darkness. She reaches across the bed for Robert, but he is not there.

MAMIE
Rob, Rob, where are you?

ROBERT'S VOICE
(from beside window)
Right here, Lass. Right by your side.

7 ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. FULL SHOT OF ROOM

As Robert turns from the window, walks toward bed and lights a candle, Mamie's head is buried in her hands and she is sobbing. He sits on the side of the bed and lays his hand on her shoulder.

ROBERT
(apprehensively)
It wouldn't be pains you're feeling, would it?

She does not answer, but shakes her head, her face still hidden.

(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT (cont'd)
Would you like a tumbler of water?

She looks at him, her face tear-stained, shakes her head.

ROBERT (cont'd)
You're not to fret, jo. We'll start back to Fair Isle tomorrow.

MAMIE
(looking down at her stomach)
With me - like this? And only forty-five dollars in your belt?

ROBERT
Well, then, remember Green Bay, the city on the water where we purchased the nanny goat?

She nods slightly.

ROBERT (cont'd)
I can find work to do in one of the saw mills or grist mills.

MAMIE
Can't you find work here in Eureka?

Robert gives her a puzzled look.

ROBERT
But - your uncle gone - what's to keep us here.

MAMIE
Couldn't we build a cabin on his land - be near our friends?

ROBERT
What friends?

MAMIE
Mrs. Delbert is my friend.

Robert scratches his head at this apparently absurd about face. There is a loud and long roll of thunder. He must wait for the SOUND to subside. Then:

(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
I don't understand you, Mamie. You're always slow and cautious, like the Jamisons. And here we are in Eureka only six hours - and you're talking of friends.

MAMIE
(appealingly, now)
Rob, you know I always do whatever you wish. But is there no work here for a strong man like yourself?

ROBERT
(thinking)
The men on the river boat - they were talkin' of the loggin' camps... But it's out of the question. I couldn't leave you alone - all winter.

The rain hits suddenly as the lightning and thunder cease.

ROBERT (cont'd)
(going to the window)
Ah. Here's the rain.
(closes the window, turns back to her)

MAMIE
All winter?

ROBERT
Oh, I suppose a man might walk down out o' the woods some Sunday...

MAMIE
(calmed by the rain)
Then I could manage. And we'd be put, not flyin' off hither and thither to this Green Bay or that blue bay, and come spring I could sow seeds and --

ROBERT
A man can't leave his wife to fend for herself and a newborn.

MAMIE
(with a smile)
Don't worry about Robbie and me.

(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
(swelling with pride)
Then you've named the lad?

MAMIE
If it does not displease you.

ROBERT
Not if you think you can stand having two Roberts underfoot.

They hold a tender glance for a moment. Then he blows out the candle and gets into bed. After a moment -

MAMIE'S VOICE
(in the dark; tentative)
Rob?

ROBERT'S VOICE
We'll think on it tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO

8 EXT. UNCLE JAMISON'S TRACT OF LAND - DAY

Near the burned out shell of a small house stands the floor of the new cabin, covered with rough, wide planking. From it rises, incongruously, a pump and, in the center of the long side, a stone fireplace with a stone flue that will reach through the ceiling. Beside the floor is a pile of straight, but unbarked, logs. Staked out near the woods at the back of the land is the nanny goat.

As we come into scene Robert is finishing work on the stone fireplace. Mamie, more pregnant than ever, carries water in a wooden bucket from the well to a nearby trough which is already filled with dirt. She dumps the water in the trough, mixes it with a stick to a muddy consistency, then looks off, into the faces of two disreputable-looking and undoubtedly louse-ridden Winnebago Indians.

They are methodically watching the activity, and chewing slippery elm. Mamie, frightened, goes to Robert, takes his arm, attracts his attention to the Indians just as Mrs. Runyon, a rather fashionably dressed, astringent widow of forty-five with a hawklike face, arrives on the scene. She too sees the Indians, grimaces with disgust.

(CONTINUED)

8 (CONTINUED)

MRS. RUNYON
Scat!

The two Indians turn slowly to stare at her. She makes a herding gesture with her skirts.

MRS. RUNYON (cont'd)
Shoo. Shoo, you filthy things.

Cochise and his stoop-shouldered buddy turn and shuffle off a few feet, then turn and continue their taciturn watching. Mrs. Runyon now gives her attention to the Eunsons' activities.

MRS. RUNYON (cont'd)
A pump? Inside your cabin?

ROBERT
Ay, Mrs. Runyon.

MRS. RUNYON
Why - I never heard of such a thing.

ROBERT
Neither did I. But with the babie comin' next month - and mysel' in the woods all winter, a body doesn't want his missus diggin' her way through drifts to the pump each mornin'.

MRS. RUNYON
Folks will think it's queer, and you being immigrants and all...

ROBERT
Ma'am, I know you mean this kindly, but I don't see why folks would think it queer for a man to want to ease the burden on his wife.

MRS. RUNYON
Does Mrs. Eunson think she's better than other folks?

This makes Robert mad. He takes a deep breath.

ROBERT
Mrs. Runyon, I don't want to say anything I'll be sorry for, but - in the words of our great poet, Bobbie Burns, "It's hardly in a body's pow'r, to keep, at times, frae being sour."

(CONTINUED)

8 (CONTINUED)

Mrs. Runyon turns and flounces off. Mamie looks distressed. Robert returns to his task, realizes the next thing is to start erecting the walls which he cannot possibly do alone. He looks up at the sun, then off into the distance.

ROBERT
(with impatience)
Where's that boy?

MAMIE
I can help you - with the bottom logs.

ROBERT
In your condition? I wouldn't allow it.

MAMIE
But it's because of my condition we've got to hurry. And I still don't see how - just you - and one lad - can get the cabin up in time.

ROBERT
Beggars can't be choosers. When you've got no money, you make do with what the good Lord sends you.

Over scene now we hear the DISTANT RUMBLE OF MEN'S VOICES. It attracts both Robert and Mamie.

8A ANOTHER ANGLE

PAST Robert and Mamie to a group of ten or twelve men carrying axes, trowels, tools of various sorts. In the van hurries a strippling of fourteen or fifteen. He runs up to Robert in excitement.

YOUNG MAN
I got help! We'll have 'er up by sundown!

ROBERT
Oh, lad, you shouldn't have done that. I've got no money to pay grown men wages.

The first of the men arrives on the scene. He is HOWARD TYLER, a young man of about Robert's age. He has overheard what Robert said.

HOWARD TYLER
You wouldn't be insulting us with offers of money, would you now?

(CONTINUED)

8A (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
But a man is worthy of his hire.

BRADLEY
Not on the Lord's day. And not if he's a neighbor. All right men, let's go.

Howard surveys the job to be done, leads the way and the other men follow him. For a moment Robert is completely nonplussed, and stands beside Mamie unable to believe their good fortune.

MAMIE
But think on it, Rob. Only a fortnight ago we didna have a friend in all America.

CAMERA HOLDS ON Mamie as Robert leaves her side to join the men. On her face is a look of wonder. Over scene we hear the SOUND OF MEN'S VOICES IN CONCERT yelling, "Heave!" as we

DISSOLVE TO

9-11 MONTAGE SERIES OF SHOTS OF RAISING CABIN - DAY

While the men work at the cabin-raising, in foreground planks have been laid on sawhorses and the wives of the men are laying out food. Amongst them are Lela Delbert (whom we have already met), CELIA BRADLEY, a woman in her fifties, KATIE TYLER, about Mamie's age, and RHODA RAIDEN, thirty. Katie and Rhoda are unloading their baskets of food.

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9 MONTAGE SERIES OF SHOTS OF RAISING CABIN - DAY

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10 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON KATIE TYLER AND RHODA RAIDEN

KATIE
Oh, Rhoda, you brought potato salad too!

RHODA
(laughing)
You can't have too much potato salad, I always say!

Both look off at Mamie who is laboriously pouring water into the trough of mud.

KATIE
My heart goes out to her.

8A (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
But a man is worthy of his hire.

HOWARD
Not on the Lord's day. And not if he's a neighbor.

Howard surveys the job to be done, leads the way and the other men follow him. For a moment Robert is completely nonplussed, and stands beside Mamie unable to believe their good fortune.

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9 EXT. LONG SHOT - THE CABIN HALF-RAISED - LATER

While the men work at the cabin-raising, in foreground planks have been laid on sawhorses and the wives of the men are laying out food. Amongst them are Lela Delbert (whom we have already met), CELIA BRADLEY, a woman in her fifties, KATIE TYLER, about Mamie's age, and RHODA RAIDEN, thirty. Katie and Rhoda are unloading their baskets of food.

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Both look off at Mamie who is laboriously pouring water into the trough of mud.

KATIE
My heart goes out to her.

12 EXT. THE NEWLY RAISED CABIN - SUNDOWN

The log cabin is up, smoke curling from the stone chimney peeking through the new roof. Some of the men are leaving, others washing up at the inlet from the river. Mamie is excitedly running in and out of the house, looking at it from every angle, and Robert is ad libbing his thanks to the men as they leave. Presently Lela Delbert appears, carrying a crock covered with a towel. She steps up to Mamie.

MAMIE
(proudly)
Oh, Mrs. Delbert. Look.

Mrs. Delbert looks at the new cabin, then squeezes Mamie's arm.

LELA DELBERT
Here's a setting of buckwheat yeast. Tend it, replenish it, keep it warm, and it will live as long as you do.

Mamie takes the setting of yeast, wipes tears of gratitude from her eyes, and kisses Mrs. Delbert. Lela goes with the last of the men and as the sun sets Robert steps up to Mamie, puts his arm around her, and they walk into the house, closing the door behind them.

DISSOLVE TO

13A EXT. CABIN - DAY

Rob hauls wood.

13 INT. EUNSON CABIN - DAY

There are the simple necessities: a bed sprung with ropes and a mattress of pine boughs covered with a patchwork quilt; a dry sink with the pump at one end; a rough table and a couple of chairs, a chest. Beside the fireplace is a three-foot section of hollowed-out log which serves the

(CONTINUED)

11 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON MAMIE

Lela Delbert walks up to her as she works mixing the water and dirt in the trough.

LELA DELBERT
Mrs. Eunson, everything's on the table. Don't you want to call the men folks yourself?

Mamie straightens up, puts her hands to her aching back, gives an appealing, "Who, me?" look and Lela nods.

DISSOLVE TO

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(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

double purpose of infant cradle and dough trough. On the hearth, in which a fire blazes, is the setting of yeast. Pots and pans, and a shotgun, hang on the wall.

Mamie is ironing an infant's swaddling clothes. She takes an empty pan, goes to the pump for water to sprinkle clothes with, and starts to pump - with no result - as Robert enters with an armload of firewood which he dumps beside the fireplace, then turns to watch Mamie, who frowns.

MAMIE
The well's run dry.

ROBERT
I doubt that.

He crosses to her, takes a dipper of water from a bucket nearby, pours it into the top of the pump, then works the handle two or three times and a stream of water pours into Mamie's pan.

MAMIE
(as she takes water back to clothes, starts to sprinkle)
Poor Rob. He should have married a practical woman.

ROBERT
There was a woman on Mainland had her cap set for me.

MAMIE
(jealous)
Oh? And her name was?

ROBERT
The name is of no importance. But she could cook - and bake - and fish - and naturally she could prime a pump.

MAMIE
(with asperity)
Then why didn't you marry this - this cooker - and - and baker - and fisher - and pump-primer?

ROBERT
(smiles)
Because she was homely as a peat bog.

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

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As Robert enters with an armload of firewood, we find Mamie ironing an infant's swaddling clothes. Robert drops the wood on a stack at the end of the fireplace, picks up a wooden bucket, and, crossing to the pump, primes it, starts to pump.

ROBERT
Ah, Mame, I have one terrible flaw in my character.

MAMIE
(smiling)
You admit it, Rob?

ROBERT
Ay. 'Tis my utter unselfishness. Here I put the pump inside o' the house for your sake. And now I have to lug water <u>out</u> to the goat.

Mamie smiles lovingly at his humor.

MAMIE
There's one thing to be said for being poor. We have no cow to water.

ROBERT
Ah, that's my Jo. Always lookin' on the bright side.

He goes on pumping and does not see the strange look on Mamie's face as she stops ironing. She looks down at her stomach.

MAMIE
Rob, what day is this?

ROBERT
Let's see. Yesterday was the eleventh. Today would be October the twelfth. Sunday. Why do you ask?

MAMIE
(with a secret smile)
To remember the babie's birthday.

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

But Mamie has not heard this last. A strange look has crossed her face, and she stares down at her swollen stomach.

MAMIE
(still)
Rob, what day is this?

ROBERT
Let's see. Yesterday was the eleventh. Today would be October the twelfth. Sunday. Why do you ask, jo?

MAMIE
(with a secret smile)
To remember the babie's birthday.

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

Robert goes on pumping automatically, the water spilling over. Instinctively he puts his other hand to his own stomach.

ROBERT
You mean the time's upon you?

MAMIE
I - I <u>think</u> so.

In his anxiety Robert rushes to Mamie and foolishly starts rubbing her hands.

ROBERT
(babbling excitedly)
Are you warm enough? Would you like a spot of broth? Are you -

MAMIE
(laughing)
About to have a babie. Rob, there's only one thing you can do. Go for the midwife.

He dashes for the door, is struck by a sudden wondrous thought, turns.

ROBERT
October the twelfth! Why it's the birthday of Columbus - the man who discovered America for us!

He returns impetuously, kisses Mamie on the brow reverently, as if she had done this just for him, then rushes out of the house. Mamie sets the iron on the hearth, empties some of the water Robert has drawn into the kettle on its crane over the fire, then takes two lengths of rope and begins to tie one to the bedpost, at the foot of the bed, pulling on it to make certain that it is secure.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

14 EXT. THE CABIN - DAY

Through the gently falling snow the excited Robert is all but dragging the stolid Mrs. Pugmire who carries in one hand a worn carpet bag. She is not to be hurried.

MRS. PUGMIRE
(patiently)
There's no rush, Mr. Eunson. It's a first one.

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

At this moment there is the SOUND of the bleating of the nanny goat. Robert looks stricken.

ROBERT
No rush, you say. Listen to her. She's in mortal agony.

MRS. PUGMIRE
So she is. Go milk your goat.

ROBERT
Oh, yes. Yes. The goat.

She goes to the door as Robert leaves her and starts for the shed where the goat is kept. As she is about to enter, he calls.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Call out if you need me.

MRS. PUGMIRE
I won't be needing you.

ROBERT
But there might be something a man could do.

MRS. PUGMIRE
Not at this late date. You've already done your worst.

She enters the cabin, closes the door behind her.

DISSOLVE TO

15 EXT. THE CLEARING NEAR THE CABIN - DAY

The snow has stopped by now, leaving a white blanket on the ground. A weak sun is four hours high in the sky. Robert is violently clearing away the ruins of Uncle Jamison's burnt out house. He glances apprehensively at the cabin and, seeing something, dashes toward it. CAMERA FOLLOWS him to the stoop, where Mrs. Pugmire is taking a breath of air, puffing on her corncob pipe.

ROBERT
(flatly)
There's something wrong.

MRS. PUGMIRE
If it was wrong to have a baby this world would be in a fine pickle.

(CONTINUED)

15 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
She's had the babie?

MRS. PUGMIRE
Not so's you could notice.

ROBERT
Well -- should you be smokin' your pipe at a time like this?

MRS. PUGMIRE
Mr. Eunson. I've brought half the babies of Eureekie into this vale of tears. And what I do between pains is my business.
(takes a philosophical puff on her pipe)
Sometimes you've got to smoke the little devils out. Now get on back to your chores.

DISSOLVE TO

16 OMITTED

17 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Robert asleep.

15 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
She's had the babie?

MRS. PUGMIRE
Not so's you could notice.

ROBERT
Well -- should you be smokin' your pipe at a time like this?

MRS. PUGMIRE
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(takes a philosophical puff on her pipe)
Sometimes you've got to smoke the little devils out. Now get on back to your chores.

DISSOLVE TO

16 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE YARD - DUSK

Robert stands at the wood pile wielding the axe to chop firewood. Directly Dutch Fischer, a fat young German, approaches. He wears a black bearskin coat.

DUTCH
My name's Herman Fischer, "Dutch" to my friends. I run the saloon.
(handing Robert a pint bottle)
Here.

ROBERT
(a little wistful)
I canna afford it.

DUTCH
(laughs)
Compliments of Fischer's tavern.

Robert smiles at him gratefully. He takes the bottle.

ROBERT
A cup o' kindness.

Robert takes a long, grateful swig.

DUTCH
Has ole Lady Pugmire snuffed her yet?

(CONTINUED)

17 EXT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Mrs. Pugmire is standing on the stoop vigorously ringing a cow bell. Robert, panting, comes up to her.

ROBERT
Why in the world are you makin' that racket?

MRS. PUGMIRE
To let the folks know what we've got.

ROBERT
(swallowing hard)
We've got something then? Might I ask if it's a babie?

MRS. PUGMIRE
Mr. Eunson, I ring this bell for a boy.
(takes a pitch pipe out of her pocket)
And blow this whistle for a girl.

With wonder and apprehension Robert opens the door to the cabin and enters.

18 INT. THE CABIN - EVENING

A candle lights the bed where Mamie lies with the infant in the crook of her arm. Robert tiptoes toward her in awe and, as he kneels beside the bed, removes his tam. Mamie looks at him, gives him a tired smile. Robert picks up her hand and starts to rub it, as his eyes move from her to the child. The BELL continues to ring, OVER SCENE, as Mamie closes her eyes and goes to sleep. The BELL STOPS ringing. Directly Mrs. Pugmire opens the door quietly.

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
Snuffed her? What's that?

DUTCH
To make her sneeze.

ROBERT
I never heard of that.

DUTCH
You got a lot to learn, Scotty.

We hear the SOUND of A BELL RINGING. Robert looks off, dashes for the house.

17 EXT. THE CABIN - DUSK

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(CONTINUED)

18 (CONTINUED)

MRS. PUGMIRE
Ramsey's man's outside. Wants to see you.

Mrs. Pugmire checks mother and child, then lays another log on the fire and starts straightening the room, as Robert exits.

19 EXT. THE CABIN - EVENING

As Robert closes the door behind him and approaches Carl Hanson, a tall, rangy, bearded Swede.

ROBERT
What's on your mind, Hanson?

HANSON
You ready now - coom up to camp?

ROBERT
My wife just had a babie.

HANSON
You better coom - you want yob with Ramsey.

ROBERT
But I told the foreman I couldn't be there before the fifteenth.

HANSON
You coom now. Bad accident. Kill two lumberyacks. Three laid up. Tom Cullen say bring you in bateaux..

ROBERT
(with anxiety)
I can't come - tonight.

HANSON
(shrugs)
So I yust tell Tom you no vant yob.

ROBERT
Yes.

Hanson turns to go stolidly.

ROBERT (cont'd)
No. Tell him - tell him I'll be there by sun up.

Hanson shrugs, walks off. Robert returns to the house.

DISSOLVE TO

20 OMITTED

21 EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

In a SERIES of SHOTS we see Robert trudging through the snow alone.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
And so the night I was born my father went off to the woods. Papa told me later it took him about five hours. And it was already daylight when he got to Ramsey's camp.

22 OMITTED

23 EXT. RAMSEY'S LOGGING CAMP - DAY

This is a comparatively small operation. The bunkhouse and cook shanty are in one large log building. Near it is the stable for the horses.

The first light snow of the season blankets the ground. Breakfast over, the lumberjacks pour out of the shanty, carrying axes, saws, cant hooks, peavies, etc. They are colorfully dressed in high-laced boots, heavy pants stuck into boot tops, plaid shirts, mackinaws and stocking caps. As teams hauling empty sleds start off the men leap aboard to catch rides to the various stands of timber being cut today.

Checking the men off as they leave is TOM CULLEN, foreman of Ramsey's Fox River Camp No. 3. He is a red-headed Irishman of some thirty-five years, and the fire of his temper matches his hair. The last team and sled has pulled out and Tom is about to return to the bunkhouse when Robert appears. Tom turns and, with his hands on his hips, watches Robert approach.

TOM
(shouting at Robert)
Get back!

A go-devil goes through.

TOM (cont'd)
Now what do you want?

ROBERT
I'm ready for work, Mr. Cullen.

20 OMITTED

21 EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

In a SERIES of SHOTS we see Robert trudging through the snow alone.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
And so the night I was born my father went off to the woods. Papa told me later it took him about five hours. And it was already daylight when he got to Ramsey's camp.

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ROBERT
I'm ready for work, Mr. Cullen.

TOM
(sarcastically)
An' what kind of work might you be ready for?

20 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

In the candlelight Robert sits beside the bed where Mamie sleeps, the infant beside her.

LONG LAP DISSOLVE TO

21 EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

In a SERIES of SHOTS we see Robert trudging through the snow alone.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
And so the night I was born my father went off to the woods. Papa told me later it took him about five hours.

22 EXT. SUN RISING IN A COLD SKY ABOVE TREE TOPS

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
And it was already daylight when he got to Ramsey's camp.

23 EXT. RAMSEY'S LOGGING CAMP - DAY

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TOM
(sarcastically)
An' what kind of work might you be ready for?

23 (CONTINUED)

TOM
(sarcastically)
An' what kind of work might you be ready for?

ROBERT
You said you'd use me as a chopper.

TOM
Oh, I did, did I? And what did I say I'd be payin' you?

ROBERT
(confused)
Twenty dollars a month.

TOM
But not if you expend your energy plowing through the snow all night. You think you're in shape to do thirteen hours' work for the company?

ROBERT
(furious)
I'd be obliged if you'd watch me.

TOM
I'll do that, Norsky.

ROBERT
Get one thing straight, Mr. Cullen. I have no doubt the Scandinavians are a fine race. But it just so happens, I'm Scottish.

TOM
Don't be tellin' me your family history on company time. The stand of timber's --
(pointing)
that way. Half a mile. Keep your axe sharp and your nose clean.

Robert turns and walks stiffly down the path. Tom looks after him, then puts his hand to his jaw, and grimaces.

TOM (cont'd)
I just think I'll see this for myself!

23 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
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(pointing)
that way. Half a mile. Keep your axe sharp and your nose clean.

Robert turns and walks stiffly down the path. Tom looks after him, then puts his hand to his jaw, and grimaces.

24 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE WOODS - DAY

CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD of Robert as he walks grimly - at first - down the trail toward the stand of timber.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
So my father got off to a bad start with Mr. Cullen. And all that winter he tried to hold his temper.
(proudly)
Papa had a terrible temper.

(CONTINUED)

24-32 SHOTS ALREADY TAKEN AT MT. HOOD - PLUS SIX PROCESS SHOTS

32A ROBERT CHOPPING TREE - DAY

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
So my father got off to a bad start with Mr. Cullen. And all that winter he tried to hold his temper.
(proudly)
Papa had a terrible temper.

24 (CONTINUED)

Now we begin, subtly, quietly, a rhythmic Tone Poem of the Lumberjacks, utilizing sound, sight, and music. The rhythm is set by the sound of Robert's footsteps crunching in the snow. This is an unaccompanied percussion beat. Then over it comes a trill, as of a distant woodwind (actually a bird). Then gradually, at first so distant as to be unidentifiable, the rhythmic report of axes on timber, crosscut saws biting into pine, a lash of whips on horses' flanks, and on Robert's face the look of excitement. And suddenly the morning sun hits him full in the face. He stops dead in his tracks, stares ahead of him, and for a long moment there is not a sound. Then the silence is shattered by a gigantic echoing cry of:

VOICE

T I M B E R

On Robert's face is reflected the wonder and the awe of the sight he beholds.

SERIES OF SHOTS

25 And now, in a quickened tempo we see the sights that we have already heard.

26 A great pine crashes to the snow-covered ground.

27 Swampers line up along its length to denude it of its limbs.

28 **Sawyers** start to work on the denuded tree to cut it into fifteen-foot lengths.

29 Other swampers chop bark marks into each length.

30 Teamsters with their cant hooks worrying one end of a log onto a go-devil, so that it can be snaked out of the woods to the trail.

31 The horses digging in, hauling a log up to the road.

32 Logs being piled high on skids alongside the road, awaiting the sled to transport them to the river.

(CONTINUED)

33A EXT. CABIN - BLIZZARD - DAY

33 INT. THE EUNSON CABIN - DAY

Peering down and cooing over the six-weeks old infant who lies in the combination cradle and dough-trough, are Lela Delbert and Howard Tyler's wife, KATIE. She is a pretty, buxom twenty-four. Mamie is bustling about the fireplace and dutch oven, brewing tea and watching the scones which are about ready to come out of the oven. The women ad lib compliments about the child's appearance, "Such a little man," "I'd never believe he was just six weeks old," "Already looks like his father," etc.

There is a knock on the door. Mamie wipes her hands on her apron, goes to door, opens it to admit CELIA BRADLEY, the storekeeper's wife, a woman of fifty. Her cape and bonnet are covered with snow.

MAMIE
(cordially)
Do come in, Mrs. Bradley.

CELIA BRADLEY
(removing her cape)
Whew! It's blowing up something. Wind's in the north.

She crosses to look at the baby and clucks approvingly. Mamie puts hot scones on a plate, passes them.

MAMIE
I hope you like scones. My mother's receipt.

As the ladies each take one, Mamie looks about nervously. There are only two chairs.

MAMIE (cont'd)
Oh, dear, where are you to sit?

LELA DELBERT
When doctor and I first came to the wilderness, we had only one chair.

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED)

These scenes are the climax of the Tone Poem and, of course, can be varied and augmented with any other scenes which prove available to us.

DISSOLVE TO

33 INT. THE EUNSON CABIN - DAY

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There is a knock on the door. Mamie wipes her hands on her apron, goes to door, opens it to admit Celia Bradley, the storekeeper's wife, a woman of fifty. Her cape and bonnet are covered with snow.

MAMIE
(cordially)
Do come in, Mrs. Bradley.

CELIA BRADLEY
(removing her cape)
Whew! It's blowing up something. Wind's in the north.

She crosses to look at the baby and clucks approvingly. Mamie puts hot scones on a plate, passes them.

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I hope you like scones. My mother's receipt.

As the ladies each take one, Mamie looks about nervously. There are only two chairs.

MAMIE (cont'd)
Oh, dear, where are you to sit?

LELA DELBERT
When doctor and I first came to the wilderness, we had only one chair.

(CONTINUED)

33 (CONTINUED)

The ladies start eating, standing up, ad libbing, "Delicious," "Melts in your mouth," etc. Celia Bradley reaches into the pocket of her voluminous skirt and brings out a letter.

CELIA BRADLEY
Here's a letter for you. Harry said you hadn't been to the store lately.

MAMIE
(stuffing letter into her pocket)
I've been busy. Rob gone... the babie...
(starts pouring tea)

CELIA BRADLEY
We'll all excuse you while you read your letter.

MAMIE
A little later.
(offers Lela Delbert a wooden bowl)
Will you serve yourself to the sugar?

LELA DELBERT
(taking sugar)
Thank you. Now do, do read your letter, Mamie. I'm sure we'd relish news from Scotland.

Looking trapped, Mamie sets the sugar on the table, turns her back to the ladies, and opens the letter.

KATIE TYLER
(after an uncomfortable silence)
Of course it it's too personal...

MAMIE
(nervously)
No, no. Not personal. It's - it's -
(with a desperate inspiration)
It's in the Scottish language.

Lela Delbert watches Mamie, and begins to realize her predicament. Celia Bradley and Katie Tyler, however, are puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

33 (CONTINUED)

CELIA BRADLEY
The Scottish language? But I thought Scotch people spoke English.

MAMIE
(going farther out on the limb)
Oh, we speak it. But when we write -
(desperately stuffs letter in her pocket. Grabs up the scones, extends them to Celia Bradley)
Here. Try one of my scones.

Celia Bradley looks down puzzled at the scone she already has.

CELIA BRADLEY
I have one.

Mamie is saved as the door opens and a gust of snow and wind blows Robert into the cabin. He is carrying four frozen beaver pelts, wears a brightly colored new red-and-black-and-yellow plaid mackinaw and also a six-weeks-old black moustache which completely covers his upper lip. Coming into the darkened cabin from the snow outside, he sees only Mamie, grabs her and whirls her about.

MAMIE
Oh, Rob, please.

ROBERT
Is this a proper welcome when I've walked twenty-five miles because I was hungry for the sight of you?

MAMIE
Rob, we have company.

Robert looks about the room, squinting into the gloom.

KATIE
We were on our way, Mr. Eunson.

She is tying on her bonnet and so are the other women.

ROBERT
Aw, Mame. Forgive me. I've spoilt your tea.

LELA DELBERT
No, really. We must get home before the snow piles too deep.

(CONTINUED)

33 (CONTINUED)

There is a bustle of activity now as the women don heavy outer garments. Robert crosses to the cradle.

ROBERT
(with awe)
Why - he favors me.

LELA DELBERT
And who has a better right?

They all laugh.

CELIA BRADLEY
(who has been stooping to put on her overshoes, notes the beaver pelts)
What fine heavy pelts. My husband can get you a good price.

ROBERT
Thank you, Mrs. Bradley, but these are not for sale. I trapped them mysel', near the lumber camp.
(lifts the skins, extends them in both hands to Mamie)
"Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind."
(turns to ladies)
In the immortal words of Bobbie Burns.

Mamie stands looking down at the pelts. For a moment the sentiment overcomes her, but the pelts, frozen stiff as they are, are so cold that she must set them down. Robert is helping the ladies on with their coats and capes and as they ad lib Goodbyes, he opens the door and they brace themselves against the snow and the wind. Finally the door is closed and Robert turns to Mamie as if to take her in his arms. She holds him off.

ROBERT (cont'd)
What's your trouble, lass?
Company's gone.

MAMIE
(pointing at his upper lip)
That - that disgusting growth.

(CONTINUED)

33 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
Oh, 'tis nothing yet. Next time you will scarce be able to see my face.

He tries to take her in his arms again, but with even less success.

MAMIE
I will not kiss a monkey.

ROBERT
But all the lumberjacks grow something on their faces.

MAMIE
I did not marry with a lumberjack.

Robert picks up a shiny tin plate, holds it out as if it were a mirror and strokes the moustache affectionately.

ROBERT
Mysel', I deem it a handsome addition.

MAMIE
"O, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us,
to see oursels as others see us."

She turns and walks away from him and then, with a twinkle -

MAMIE (cont'd)
In the immortal words of Bobbie Burns.

He ignores this, starts to follow her, puts his arms around her waist.

ROBERT
(with passion)
Jo, I have ached for you.

She disengages his arms, reaches for a large, vicious looking razor hanging above the sink. She turns and holds it out to him.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Aw, no, Mame. Let me hold you in my arms.

She shakes her head, the razor still held between them.

ROBERT (cont'd)
No?

(CONTINUED)

33 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
Not until you shave it off.

Beaten by her Lysistrata maneuver, he accepts the razor from her, takes the steaming kettle off the crane and carries it to the sink, as we -

DISSOLVE TO

34 EXT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

In the darkness and the raging blizzard, the cabin is all but indistinguishable. Snow drifts against the door.

35 INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

There is no light except the low illumination from the fireplace. Before it Robert is dressing, pulling on his pants. Mamie sleeps in the bed that Robert has recently quitted, and beside it is the trough with the child in it. Over all is the moaning WAIL of the blizzard. Fully dressed, Robert looks down at both wife and child with reluctance to leave them. A sudden noise, as of a stick dropping, attracts his attention. Almost instantly a fine spray of snow fills the cabin. Robert lifts the baby from the crib, lays it in the crook of Mamie's arms. Then he discovers what has happened. One of the chinks (and the dried out mud which held it in place) has been blown out of its place between the logs. Robert picks up the chinking, tries to stuff it back. It will not stick. He takes one of the blankets out of the cradle and begins stuffing it into the hole. Now he puts on his mackinaw and tam, goes to the door and unlatches it. Instantly it blows back against him and a blast of snow hits him in the face. He looks down to see that the drift outside the door is waist high. And now he tries to close the door against the wind. It takes all of his strength to do so. He finally bangs it shut and turns about to see Mamie sitting up in bed staring at him.

MAMIE
Oh, Rob, is it time to go?

ROBERT
Long past, but I'd never make it to camp in this blizzard.

MAMIE
(happily)
Then come back to bed.

Robert throws log on the fire.

36 CLOSEUP - MAMIE

as she watches Robert remove his clothes.

MAMIE
The storm will keep you with me a spell.

ROBERT'S VOICE (over)
(troubled)
But it keeps me from my job too.

MAMIE
I fret about you, Rob. The ladies tell me - the danger of crashing trees - the flying axes - the rough violent men...

And now Robert lowers himself into the bed (and into the CLOSEUP) with Mamie and the baby. He reaches across the sleeping infant to pat her shoulder reassuringly.

ROBERT
Why, lass, the lumberjacks are only full o' fun... They may scrap a little...

He lies down. She puts her hand across the baby on Robert's shoulder.

MAMIE
(her voice lower)
The ladies say they thrive on fighting - and brawling. And I'm aware of your terrible temper - your only fault.

ROBERT
(accepting this as a compliment)
Thanks, lass.

MAMIE
Rob, if you could only learn not to use your fists...

ROBERT
I'll try, jo, I'll do ma best.
(menacingly)
But that Irisher foreman. He's askin' for trouble.

MAMIE
For my sake?

(CONTINUED)

36 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
My partner, Frenchy, he says
Cullen's teeth plague him mightily.
But I think he was born mean.

There is a silence. Then both turn to the sleeping infant.

MAMIE
What do you suppose he'll be?

ROBERT
(looking at the
child; with love
and fond humor)
Well - he was born in America -
he could be the President. Would
you like that?

MAMIE
Yes... But more I'd like him to
be a good man. Like his father.

Both Robert and Mamie lie flat on their backs, staring upward at the ceiling.

ROBERT
Come now. Go to sleep.

He turns on his side, away from her and the baby.

MAMIE
(after a long moment)
Rob.

ROBERT
Now what?

MAMIE
Could I learn to read?

ROBERT
What in Tophet for?

MAMIE
I never thought on it in Fair
Isle. But here - well - so many
of the ladies know how to read.

ROBERT
(thinks this over)
I'm not so sure it's a good idea
for a female to know how to read.

(CONTINUED)

36 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
Will ye think on it?

Though she cannot see him, he nods sagely. The wind rises, a tree BANGS against the house, as we

DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO

37A EXT. CABIN - SNOW ON GROUND - DAY

Mamie enters with fire wood.

37 INT. THE CABIN - DAY

Beside the blazing fireplace the four-months-old child sleeps in the bread trough-cradle. The door to the cabin opens and Mamie enters with an arm load of wood which she dumps on a pile on the other side of the fireplace. She stoops, picks up the baby.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
Mamma and I were alone most of that first winter because Mr. Cullen wouldn't give papa time off to come home - and that made him madder and madder. Until...

38 EXT. THE LOGGING CAMP - NIGHT

Smoke curls from the chimney and a light glows at the window. Water drips from snow melting on the roof. Tom Cullen stands outside the door smoking a pipe, gazing up into the night. He is scowling, as if in pain, and rubs his jaw. Directly the SOUND of footsteps in the snow attracts his attention and he looks off to see Robert approaching with a dead beaver slung over his shoulder.

TOM
You're aware, Norsky, that wild game belongs to the Ramsey Company.

Robert whirls, startled. He looks down at the beaver.

ROBERT
The company owns the timber. Nothin' else.

TOM
Oh. You're calling me a liar.

ROBERT
If the shoe fits.

(CONTINUED)

36 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
Will ye think on it?

Though she cannot see him, he nods sagely. The wind rises, a tree BANGS against the house, as we

DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO

37 INT. THE CABIN - DAY

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ROBERT
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(CONTINUED)

38 (CONTINUED)

TOM
I ought to fire you for that.

ROBERT
You can do as you like, Cullen. I've swallowed my gorge and my self-respect until my belly's achin' with it.

TOM
And what do you propose to do about it, Norsky.

ROBERT
(as he starts deliberately to remove his coat)
And that's another thing.

TOM
Are you figurin' on fightin' the boss?

ROBERT
If he's not too much of a coward to tangle with a Scot.

TOM
(taking off his coat)
You're talking to an Irishman.

Now the two square off, and after a few preliminary skirmishes, Tom lands the first blow, knocking Robert flat. He leaps to his feet to avenge his - and Scotland's - honor, and the two go at it. While this is technically a fair fight, it is a vicious one, with Robert taking satisfaction in paying off his long debt and Tom becoming more and more respectful of the man that Robert is. And finally Robert lands a stiff punch to Tom's mouth, which knocks him to the ground - where he stays, rubbing his mouth with his hand. Tom feels of his tooth with thumb and forefinger, reaches in his mouth, and is astonished when he pulls the tooth out. Looking at it, he feels his jaw once more and an expression of relief crosses his face. He looks up to see Robert putting on his mackinaw, picking up the dead beaver.

ROBERT
And now if you'll instruct the paymaster to hand me my March wages I'll be turnin' my back on -

(CONTINUED)

38 (CONTINUED)

Robert stops speaking to listen to a LONG, RIPPING, CRACKING SOUND from the distance. He does not know what it means.

TOM
The river's breakin' up. We'll be startin' the log drive in a couple weeks.

ROBERT
'Tis no concern of mine.

TOM
I'll be needin' a good jack on the sluice.

ROBERT
I hope you find one.

Robert starts off.

TOM
Do you think you're man enough to handle the job?

ROBERT
(turning)
You ask me that while you're sittin' there with your tail wet in the snow?

TOM
(rising)
Maybe you don't know how dangerous the job is.

ROBERT
I've heard.

TOM
(humor rising)
Of course the company buries you if you get killed...
(after a moment)
Scotty.

ROBERT
Oh, it's Scotty you're calling me.

Tom puts out his hand in a gesture to end the feud. Robert takes it.

TOM
And I'll throw in an extra dollar out of my own pocket. You've saved the boss a trip to the dentist...

DISSOLVE TO

39 CLOSE UP - PUGMEISTER AND BELL - DAY

39A CLOSE UP - MAMIE AND NEWBORN JIMMY IN BED - DAY

39B CLOSE UP - ROB HANDS OUT CIGARS TO LOGGERS - DAY

(NOTE: Narration to follow)

40 INT. THE TYLERS' DINING ROOM - DAY

Mamie, slightly pregnant again. and seven or eight other women including Katie Tyler, Celia Bradley, Rhoda Raiden, Lela Delbert, and Mrs. Runyon are watching a demonstration of the recently invented Singer Sewing Machine. All are grouped about the miraculous invention at which sits MR. CLENDENING as if at the controls of a mighty organ. He is a fop, a small, well-put-together, prissy man with hair oiled and combed low in a roach across his forehead. OVER the HUMMING OF THE MACHINE comes the DISTANT SOUND OF BABIES CRYING.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
Howie Tyler and me, both being just babies, had been plunked in the bedroom...

With a flourish Mr. Clendening pulls the material out of the Singer, cuts the thread, hands his handiwork to Katie Tyler.

MR. CLENDENING
There, kind lady. Pass it amongst your friends for their amazement.

Somewhat cowed, Katie Tyler moves from one of the ladies to another. They cluck over it.

MR. CLENDENING (cont'd)
Mr. Singer is pouring his vast resources and talents into freeing the women of America from the slavery of the needle.

MAMIE
(looking from the sewing to the machine)
What's the cost if I may ask?

(CONTINUED)

39 EXT. A SMALL SWOLLEN RIVER CRAMMED WITH LOGS. (STOCK)

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
Then it warmed up considerable, the ice went out, and the log drive started. Of course, mamma didn't know papa was working the sluice, and one day she was over to Mrs. Tyler's house with the other ladies...

DISSOLVE TO

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MAMIE
(looking from the sewing to the machine)
What's the cost if I may ask?

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED)

MR. CLENDENING
When you consider that it will last a lifetime, a hundred and twenty-five dollars seems but a pittance.

Mamie passes the material quickly, as if it were hot.

MAMIE
Oh, no.

MR. CLENDENING
But they may be purchased for only five dollars.

LELA DELBERT
For how many months?

MR. CLENDENING
Only thirty.

This staggering remark is punctuated by a CRY from a baby off scene. Mamie rises, quickly.

MAMIE
Excuse me. That sounds like mine. I'd better get Robbie home.

She starts off.

41 EXT. STREET BEFORE THE TYLER HOUSE - DAY

Group of three men and Tom Cullen are grimly bearing a litter between them. We cannot see the face of the man on the litter. Mamie, carrying the baby, followed by Lela Delbert, crosses into the background.

TOM CULLEN
Could you direct us to the doctor's, ma'am? We got a man here. He's in bad shape.

(CONTINUED)

40 (CONTINUED)

MR. CLENDENING
When you consider that it will last a lifetime, a hundred and twenty-five dollars seems but a pittance.

Mamie passes the material quickly, as if it were hot.

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MAMIE
Excuse me. That sounds like mine. I'd better get Robbie home.

She starts off.

41 EXT. STREET BEFORE THE TYLER HOUSE - DAY

Two men - Tom Cullen and a peg-legged lumberjack - are grimly bearing a litter between them. We cannot see the face of the man on the litter. As they near the house the door opens. Mamie exits, carrying the baby, followed by Katie Tyler who is seeing her off. Katie remains in the open door to watch Mamie down the path as Tom Cullen sees her, pauses.

TOM CULLEN
Could you direct us to the doctor's, ma'am?

Tentatively she approaches the man.

TOM CULLEN (cont'd)
We got a man here. He's in bad shape.

(CONTINUED)

41 (CONTINUED)

PASSERBY
(looking down at the prone figure, but unable to see the face)
Go down to the next turn, go right, then the third house to the -

The head of the injured man turns in pain. With a gasp she recognizes Robert.

MAMIE
Rob!

Robert groans. His eyes are glazed. Mamie drops to her knees beside him, speaks his name louder. He does not react.

TOM CULLEN
He can't hear you, ma'am. We gave him a pint of whiskey to dull the pain.

Now she looks up at Tom.

MAMIE
How - how bad hurt - is he?

TOM CULLEN
You're his wife?

She nods quickly.

TOM CULLEN (cont'd)
Well - we know there's a leg broken, some ribs crushed.

MAMIE
How'd it happen?

TOM CULLEN
He lost his balance, fell into the sluice. A log caught him.

MAMIE
I'll go with you - to the doctor.

She stands. Meanwhile Mrs.Delbert has joined the group. Silently she takes the baby from Mamie.

TOM CULLEN
It ain't very pleasant, listening to bone-settin'.

(CONTINUED)

41 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
(looking down at the prone figure, but unable to see the face)
Go down to the next turn, go right, then the third house to the -

The head of the injured man turns in pain. With a gasp she recognizes Robert.

MAMIE (cont'd)
Rob!

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TOM CULLEN
It ain't very pleasant, listening to bone-settin',

(CONTINUED)

41 (CONTINUED)

But Mamie has already started off down the street ahead of them. Tom and Peg-Leg start to follow. Katie waits and watches them off in concern. Suddenly Mamie stops, turns, and races back past the litter to Katie.

MAMIE
(breathless)
Lela, ..give the man five dollars for the machine, and I'll pay you back.

LELA DELBERT
But Mamie, with your man laid up indefinitely, how can you afford?...

MAMIE
That's just it. How can I afford not to?

LELA DELBERT
I don't understand.

MAMIE
(frantic)
Don't you see? The ladies - and Mrs. Runyon - I'll ask them for their sewing - I'll -

She looks back off at the litter disappearing around the corner, breaks and runs after it.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

42 INT. THE EUNSON CABIN - DAY

Mamie pregnant, sits at the early model Singer, working on a woman's heavy fall cloak. (See Godey's Lady's Book, p. 485. RKO Research Dept. No. 2056). The page with the design is pinned to the log wall beside her. Not far from her, one leg out straight before him in a chair with a homemade crutch leaning against it, sits Robert. His lap is covered with the cured beaver skins which are beginning to take shape as a coat. He is working on them with a heavy needle and buckskin thread. Robbie and Jimmy are in the room.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
So mama took in sewing. And papa? Well, he said while his bones were knitting he might as well be sewing too on the beaver skins that had caused all the fuss. Until finally...

DISSOLVE TO

41 (CONTINUED)

But Mamie has already started off down the street ahead of them. Tom and Peg-Leg start to follow. Katie waits and watches them off in concern. Suddenly Mamie stops, turns, and races back past the litter to Katie.

MAMIE
(breathless)
Katie, ..give the man five dollars for the machine, and I'll pay you back.

KATIE TYLER
But Mamie, with your man laid up indefinitely, how can you afford?...

MAMIE
That's just it. How can I afford not to?

KATIE TYLER
I don't understand.

MAMIE
(frantic)
Don't you see? The ladies - and Mrs. Runyon - I'll ask them for their sewing - I'll -

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DISSOLVE TO

43 THE SAME - DAY - FULL SHOT

Robert is standing, dressed in his best, his tam in one hand. Mamie, quite pregnant, is clucking over him like a mother hen, adjusting his huge bow tie, wetting the end of her apron with her tongue, rubbing a spot on his lapel. Near them, Robbie sits in his high chair.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
My father didn't need his crutches any more. I was about a year old, I guess...

Mamie stands back, looks at Robert critically.

MAMIE
You've the letters from Dr. Delbert and Mr. Bradley and Mr. Tyler?

Robert pats his pocket to indicate where they are. Then he turns to Robbie.

ROBERT
(addressing the child; confidentially)
You know, Robbie, if I wasn't so madly in love with this foolish woman who happens to be your mother I wouldn't be goin' on this wild goose chase.

Robbie makes a raspberry sound. Mamie, in spite of herself, begins to sell the baby on her good sense.

MAMIE
'Tis no wild goose chase.
(realizes whom she is talking to; turns to Robert)
You want to start a boat yard. And the faith of your neighbors will impress the banker in Oshkosh and he will give you the loan.

ROBERT
(still to the baby)
Robbie, my lad, how can we explain to this dainty financier that a banker wants something he can foreclose on? And not just a log cabin, a nanny goat, and a few chickens.

The baby claps his hands together. This may be a patty cake, but Robert takes it as applause.

ROBERT (cont'd)
(to Mamie)
You see, Mamie, the boy has a head on his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
But if men like - like Dr. Delbert and - and Mr. Bradley, and Mr. Tyler sign your - sign your note --
(happy inspiration)
The banker can foreclose on <u>them</u> if he wants to.

Robert roars with laughter, slaps his thigh, winces slightly. Robbie echoes his spirits, laughs, too. Mamie looks hurt.

MAMIE (cont'd)
(deadly serious)
Rob, don't you know how serious it is? There'll be four of us - any day now. If you don't get the money for your boat yard, you'll have to go back to the woods. And you're in no shape.
(begins to cry)
And - and neither am I.

Robert's mood changes completely. He puts both his hands on her face and stares into her eyes.

ROBERT
My darling... I was tryin' to make it a joke - because it's so important. And in case I - I couldn't get the money - well - then it was only a joke anyhow.

The WHISTLE of the steamboat blows in the distance. Mamie turns away, controls her emotion.

MAMIE
Have you got your twenty cents boat fare?

ROBERT
Yes, yes.
(frowns, as he feels in pocket)
I had it a minute ago.
(looks about. Robbie is playing with the two dimes. He takes the dimes, puts on his tam, and starts off)

MAMIE
I forgot. Wait.

Robert turns back, puzzled, as Mamie crosses to the bed, gets down on all fours, reaches under the bed.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

Suddenly - concealed from Robert's gaze - a strange look comes over her face. She freezes for just a moment, then rises, with a man's jaunty, beaver felt hat with a wide, rolling brim.

ROBERT
Mame, I'll miss the packet boat.

She gets to her feet with the hat, goes to him.

MAMIE
I dinna want you to look so - so foreign before the banker.

ROBERT
(touched)
How did you come by this, jo?

MAMIE
Mrs. Bradley liked her silk plaid so much, she said I could pick out anything in the store that cost no more'n a dollar.

He hands her the tam and taking the new hat, puts it on his head, crosses to the little mirror and surveys himself, not without approval.

ROBERT
But this - it must have cost a good two.

MAMIE
(also pleased at his appearance; smugly)
I had some credit on account from my eggs.

Robert slaps the top of the hat jauntily, runs his hand around the brim to roll it just so. The boat WHISTLES again. He gives Mamie a hasty kiss on the cheek, and limps off. CAMERA HOLDS ON Mamie holding the tam o'shanter over her stomach as she begins to double up in pain...

DISSOLVE TO

44 EXT. THE EUNSON CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Before the open door stands Mrs. Pugmire with Robbie in her arms RINGING her cowbell. Suddenly Robert runs into scene, passes her almost without a glance, and disappears inside the house.

45 INT. THE CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

As Robert enters, removing his hat, crossing excitedly to the bed where Mamie lies with the new child in the crook of her arm.

ROBERT
(hushed)
And what's his name?

MAMIE
James Stout Eunson - if it pleases you.

ROBERT
Ah. For your brother Jeemes.

MAMIE
And your Uncle Stout.

Robert leans over, kisses her, looks down at the pinched red face of the newborn.

ROBERT
We're gettin' to be a family.

MAMIE
(after a moment)
Did you get the money?

Robert reluctantly shakes his head.

MAMIE (cont'd)
(rising on an elbow)
But the letters from our friends.

ROBERT
Oh, yes. He would accept them. But only at twenty-four per cent interest on the loan.

MAMIE
(appalled)
Twenty-four per cent! What a mean man.

ROBERT
Oh, no, not mean. But he must be practical. He explained to me - money's tight on account of the panic.

MAMIE
Panic? What's a panic to do with us?

(CONTINUED)

45 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
It's hard to explain to a female. I'll go back up to the woods - ask Tom Cullen to give me a soft job. Me and Tom - we understand each other now.

MAMIE
(looking down at the new baby)
Rob, I can't go through another winter without you.

ROBERT
(lamely)
You'll be so busy - with the children.

MAMIE
But they need a father too.
(pause)
Rob, go back to Oshkosh. Borrow the money. Pay them - whatever they want.
(hard)
We'll manage.

Robert and Mamie look at each other across the infant, as we

DISSOLVE TO

46 EXT. THE NEW BOAT YARD - DAY

This is a small clapboard building. Over the door a sign proclaims, "Boats - built, painted, repaired. R. Eunson, Prop." Through the open door we can see Robert working on the hull of a small craft.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
So that was how my father came by the boat yard and went in business for himself. And when my youngest brother, Kirk, was two, Mamma and I started to school...

DISSOLVE TO

47 INT. THE SCHOOL ROOM - DAY

Being a one-room school, there are some fifteen children of ages varying from six to twelve - plus Mamie and Robbie, age six. MR. STEPHENS, the teacher, is tall, astringent, thirty. He walks about the room with a pointer in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED)

MR. STEPHENS
Mrs. Eunson, will you speak the lesson.

As Mamie rises nervously, there is a titter of amusement from the other children. Mr. Stephens glares at them.

MR. STEPHENS (cont'd)
Is there something humorous in a lady's wanting to improve her mind?

He hands Mamie the single copy of "McGuffey's First Reader," opened to Lesson XXXV.

MAMIE
(reading laboriously)
"Mr. Post and the Little Girl. One cold night, after old Mr. Post had gone to bed, he heard a noise at the door. So he got up and went out. And what do you think he found? A dog? No. A goat? No: he found a little babe on the steps. Some bad person had left it there, and if Mr. Post had not taken it into the house it might have died with cold. He held it to the fire until it was warm, and then took it in his arms, and went to bed..."

MR. STEPHENS
Very good. Now Robert, will you continue?

Mamie hands the reader to Robbie, sits down, Robbie stands. She listens to him with pride; he reads better than she.

ROBBIE
(reading)
"How kind old Mr. Post was. He did not know what to do with the innocent little babe, but he could not let it die. The little girl was named Mary, and was soon very fond of Mr. Post, and called him Papa..."

DISSOLVE TO

48 INT. THE BOAT YARD - DAY

A trim little boat sits upright on its standards. Robert and Robbie (age six) are painting the hull, Robbie proud of being allowed to help.

(CONTINUED)

48 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
The summer I was six my father taught me how to help in the boat yard.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the activity FOR A LONG MOMENT. Robert is working nervously, glancing at the door.

ROBBIE
Why did you send Jimmie and Kirk to the Raidens?

ROBERT
Your mamma's not feelin' good.

ROBBIE
Why don't she feel good, papa?

ROBERT
You're not quite old enough to understand, son.

ROBBIE
(a little resentful)
Well, Howie Tyler told me it's funny but whenever Mrs. Pugmire comes to our house mamma's not feelin' good and then -

ROBERT
(clearing his throat nervously)
Now lad, stroke the brush <u>with</u> the grain, not against it.

For a moment the activity proceeds in silence. Then there is a distant and rather silly SOUND of a small WHISTLE. It has no effect on Robert, but Robbie looks off.

ROBBIE
That's Mrs. Pugmire, papa.

ROBERT
Oh, no. She rings a bell.

ROBBIE
Not for girls, she don't.

Robert claps his hand to his forehead, breaks for the door, exits.

WIPE TO

48 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
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WIPE TO

49 INT. THE EUNSON CABIN - DAY

Once more Robert is kneeling beside Mamie, looking down at a new infant, and a more-tired, than-usual mother.

(CONTINUED)

49 EXT. NEW CABIN - DAY

Robbie crosses through.

49A INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Robbie crosses through to Robert and Jimmy.

49B MAMIE'S BEDROOM - WHOLE FAMILY - DAY

(NOTE: Narration to follow.)

DISSOLVE

50 EXT. THE METHODIST CHURCH - EUREKA - DAY - TWO YEARS LATER

CLOSE SHOT - THE RAIDEN TWINS - two ten-year-old identical girl twins dressed in their Sunday best stand looking off toward the road anxiously. They do not see what they are looking for.

FIRST TWIN
I'm going to sit behind Jimmy today.

SECOND TWIN
It's my turn. You sat behind him last Sunday.

As CAMERA DOLLIES BACK we note that there are three other girls, one younger, two older than the twins, and that Mr. and Mrs. Raiden, along with numerous other townfolk, are grouped without pattern before the church. It is such a beautiful day that no one wants to enter before service begins.

49 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
(tenderly)
So it's Annabelle - for your sister. A pretty name.

MAMIE
(faintly)
Oh, Rob. How many more are you plannin' to have?

ROBERT
(wipes sweat from his forehead)
Now that we've got our girl - we'll close the book. I couldn't go through this again.

Mamie looks her gratitude for this decision.

MRS. PUGMIRE'S VOICE (over)
I've delivered a hundred babies.

Mamie and Robert looks off as CAMERA PANS TO CLOSE SHOT OF MRS. PUGMIRE standing in the doorway.

MRS. PUGMIRE (cont'd)
And I've heard words to that effect ninety-nine times. The Raidens said it, and then had twins.

DISSOLVE TO

50 EXT. THE METHODIST CHURCH - EUREKA - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - THE RAIDEN TWINS

Two ten-year-old identical girl twins dressed in their Sunday best stand looking off toward the road anxiously. They do not see what they are looking for.

FIRST TWIN
I'm going to sit behind Jimmie today.

SECOND TWIN
It's my turn. You sat behind him last Sunday.

As CAMERA DOLLIES BACK we note that there are three other girls, one younger, two older than the twins, and that Mr. and Mrs. Raiden, along with numerous other townfolk, are grouped without pattern before the church. It is such a beautiful day that no one wants to enter before service begins.

(CONTINUED)

50 (CONTINUED)

MRS. RAIDEN
(placidly)
Now you mustn't fuss over Jimmie Eunson.

FIRST TWIN
I don't see why we couldn't have a little brother like Jimmie.

MR. RAIDEN
(low, to his wife)
You can't say we didn't try.

CAMERA PANS to another group which includes Dr. and Lela Delbert, Katie and Howard Tyler and their two sons Howie and Bruce, and Mr. Stephens and HIS WIFE who is as astringent as he is.

MRS. STEPHENS
What a lovely day for a christening.

KATIE TYLER
(to Dr. Delbert)
Dr. Delbert, is it true that there's diptheria down river?

DR. DELBERT
Now, Mrs. Tyler, don't go borrowing trouble from Omro.

THE RAIDEN TWINS' VOICES (OFF)
Here they come, here they come!

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY BACK TO Raiden twins who are jumping up and down excitedly, pointing OFF.

SECOND TWIN
Ain't Jimmie cute!

51 ANOTHER ANGLE - STREET BEFORE CHURCH - DAY - TRAVELLING SHOT - THE EUNSON DEMOCRAT WAGON

Robert is driving the single horse with Mamie seated beside him holding a baby in a long white christening dress. Behind them in the wagon box are Robbie (age eleven), Jimmie (age ten), Kirk (eight), Annabelle (six), Elizabeth (three). All of them are in their Sunday best and all the picture of robust health except Kirk who is thin and wan. As Robert pulls to a stop before a hitching post Robbie leaps out of wagon, ties the horse. Jimmie, about to jump out, spots the Raiden twins running toward the Eunson wagon, and holds back, but Kirk scrambles out awkwardly, stumbles and pitches onto his knees in a puddle of water.

(CONTINUED)

51 (CONTINUED)

Meanwhile Robert has got down from the seat and is holding up his hands to help Mamie, but as she sees what has happened to Kirk she quickly hands Robert the baby and leaps protectively to Kirk's assistance, helps him to his feet and notes that his shoes and trousers are wet.

MAMIE
(in distress)
Kirk, look at you! Your feet all wet, and a tickle in your throat already. I should take you home and change your clothes.

ROBERT
You coddle him, Mamie. He's got to learn to stand on his own two feet like his brothers.

MAMIE
All children are not of a piece.

By now Jimmie must face the inevitable - the tittering, bouncing Raiden twins. So he climbs down, trying to disregard them, but they grab him and angrily he doubles up his fists and, if Robert did not intervene, would sock them. But Robert grabs him.

ROBERT
(with humor)
We all know you're a brave, fightin' man like your father before you, but 'tis not fittin' to spar with girls.

JIMMIE
But, Papa, they're always <u>after</u> me.

ROBERT
And one day you'll find the good Lord had a purpose in that.

Robbie helps Annabelle and Elizabeth out of the wagon and, as Elizabeth lands on the ground beside Mamie -

MAMIE
(kneeling, whispering)
Now Lizzie, speak up when the Reverend Roscoe says "Good morning." He won't eat you.

(CONTINUED)

51 (CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE
(pert)
But Mamma, you know she's shy. Aren't you shy, Lizzie?

Elizabeth nods her head, as if proud of her infirmity.

ROBBIE
(the organizer)
Hurry up, we'll be late. Everybody's goin' inside.

52 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - REV. ROSCOE AND DR. DELBERT

As the last of the parishioners, (except the Eunson family) go into the church, Rev. Roscoe looks OFF, smiles.

REV. ROSCOE
Dr. Delbert, how can you talk of national poverty when you look at a family like that? There lies America's true wealth - there is our shield against the forces of evil and malefaction.

DR. DELBERT
(watching the approach of the family with affection)
It seems only yesterday they had nothing but a nanny goat and - great expectations.

Dr. Delbert goes inside the church as the family comes into scene. They ad lib greetings and Rev. Roscoe pats each child on the head as they pass him, calling them by name until he comes to Elizabeth.

REV. ROSCOE
(smiling down at Elizabeth)
And this is Jane...

Elizabeth looks shy and confused, looks up at Mamie as if asking what to do.

JANE
(childishly belligerent)
I'm Jane.

The entire family is electrified.

(CONTINUED)

51 (CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE
(pertly)
But mamma, you know she's shy.
Aren't you shy, Lizzie?

Lizzie nods her head, as if proud of her shyness.

ROBBIE
(the organizer)
Hurry up, we'll be later.
Everybody's going inside.

Robert and Mamie look off, note that the parishioners are entering the church. REVEREND ROSCOE stands in the doorway. Raiden girls with Mr. and Mrs. Raiden on either end. Directly behind Jimmie are the twins who are leaning forward, whispering to him, breathing down his neck. He is trying to ignore them and both fists are doubled at the ready.

REV. ROSCOE'S VOICE (over)
Here lies the true wealth of our nation, here is our shield resisting the forces of evil and malefaction. And so now it is meet that we welcome another tiny soul into the household of the Lord.

52 ANOTHER ANGLE - REV. ROSCOE FROM MAMIE'S P.O.V.

He looks down at her, smiles, gestures for her to bring the child to him.

53 REVERSE ANGLE - THE EUNSON FAMILY FROM REV. ROSCOE'S P.O.V

As Mamie rises with Jane and starts up the aisle. Elizabeth, terrified that her mother is deserting her, climbs down off the pew and starts to follow. Mamie looks down to gesture her back, Annabelle tries to catch her, but Elizabeth has a firm grip on Mamie's skirt and proceeds with her to the font. The ceremony of the baptism now proceeds silently with the NARRATOR'S VOICE OVER. Mamie hands the child to Reverend Roscoe, he dips his hand in the font, sprinkles the water on her forehead and, of course, she begins to cry - which is the only sound we hear except -

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
So the last of us kids got baptized. And when you got baptized in Eureka it was a big day. Mamma - like she always did after the sprinkling - invited some of our friends to noon dinner...

DISSOLVE TO

52 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
You hear that Mamie? She talked!

MAMIE
(to Rev. Roscoe)
We despaired. We feared she'd never utter a word.

The family disappears inside the church, Rev. Roscoe enters, closes the doors, and CAMERA HOLDS ON SCENE as we hear the sound of a small organ, joined directly by the worshippers singing "Rock of Ages." And now as we begin a very slow LAP DISSOLVE into the next sequence -

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
There was just one thing the ladies had against spring in Wisconsin... specially if they lived alongside a river. The lumberjacks would be comin' down out of the woods. They'd been paid off - and they were thirsty.

53- OMITTED
54-
54A

54-
54A OMITTED.

54 INT. THE EUNSON KITCHEN - DAY

This is the original cabin, but it is now only kitchen and dining room. About the center table are grouped Robert and Mamie, the Reverend and Mrs. Roscoe, Dr. and Lela Delbert and, at Mamie's side, the high chair with Jane in her christening dress. At a lower table nearby are five children.

54A WE DISSOLVE INTO SCENE on CLOSE SHOT of Kirk's bare feet under the small table. The rest of the children are all shod. CAMERA THEN PULLS BACK TO include, first, all the children, eagerly waiting the signal to start eating. But over scene we hear Robert's voice saying:

ROBERT'S VOICE
I will say a grace of Bobbie Burns.

The little heads bow, and now CAMERA PANS to the grownups' table.

ROBERT
"O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want,
We bless thee, God of nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent:
And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!
Amen!"

Robert starts the fricassee, while Mamie passes bread and potatoes.

REVEREND ROSCOE
Spring brought us a sizable congregation this morning.

MRS. ROSCOE
(dourly)
And it will soon bring us the loggers roaring down out of the woods. I always dread it; they're so wild and lawless.

MAMIE
(with a humor rare for her)
Now that's odd. Rob used to tell me they were just full o' fun.

Robert hangs his head. Mrs. Roscoe gasps at her gaffe.

MRS. ROSCOE
Oh, forgive me, Mr. Eunson. I forgot you were once a lumberjack.

DISSOLVE TO

55 EXT. MAIN STREET - EUREKA - DAY

On it is the customary, lazy, village activity, a few horses at hitching posts, a number of old codgers chewing the fat before Bradley's General Store and Post Office. Directly across from Dutch Fischer's saloon an itinerant dentist has set up shop in his wagon. Hanging from the chair is a sign which reads, "Teeth Pulled While You Wait by Painless Paine." Painless Paine himself is seated in the chair in the wagon. He wears a dirty white jacket. Dutch Fischer is standing beside the wagon passing the time of day when both men look off to see -

56 ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM PAINLESS PAINE'S POINT OF VIEW

Fifteen or twenty bearded lumberjacks turn the corner onto Main Street and start walking purposefully, wordlessly, relentlessly along. Both Dutch and Painless are alerted.

DUTCH FISCHER
Ach, Painless, I need deir trade, but I'll be glad when they go on down to Oshkosh.

PAINLESS
If they break any teeth, you know where to send 'em, Dutch.

Dutch Fischer, now crosses to his saloon, opens the swinging doors and, as one man, the lumberjacks enter. CAMERA PANS BACK to pick up one more lumberjack who, as he approaches, we identify as TOM CULLEN. He is moving much slower, grimacing, holding his swollen jaw with one hand. He starts to cross to the saloon but Painless spots a possible quarry.

PAINLESS
Lemme pull it out for you. Guaranteed Painless.

Tom stops, turns, walks up to the wagon.

57 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN ACROSS PAINLESS TO TOM

Standing, looking up at him, and including the door to the saloon across the street.

TOM
How much?

PAINLESS
Two bits per tooth.

(CONTINUED)

55 EXT. MAIN STREET - EUREKA - DAY

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Dutch Fischer, now crosses to his saloon, opens the swinging doors and, as one man, the lumberjacks enter. CAMERA PANS BACK to pick up one more lumberjack who, as he approaches, we identify as TOM CULLEN. He is moving much slower, grimacing, holding his swollen jaw with one hand. He starts to cross to the saloon but Painless spots a possible quarry.

PAINLESS
Lemme pull it out for you. Guaranteed Painless.

Tom stops, turns, walks up to the wagon.

57 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN ACROSS PAINLESS TO TOM

Standing, looking up at him, and including the door to the saloon across the street.

TOM
How much?

PAINLESS
Two bits per tooth.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED)

Tom climbs up into the wagon, sits down in the chair. As he does so, INTO the SHOT - on the ground below the wagon - come Robbie and Jimmie, pulling a child's wagon with a bale of hay. They naturally stop and look up to witness the strange goings on.

TOM
Yank 'em all out! Every bloody achin' tooth in my head!

Painless raises his eyebrows at this windfall. Picking up his extractors, he peers into Tom's mouth, counts.

PAINLESS
That'll come to seven seventy-five.

TOM
I'm good for it.

Painless looks down, sees Robbie and Jimmie.

PAINLESS
(flipping a coin)
Say, kid. Here's a dime. Go get our friend a pint of whiskey.

Jimmie catches the dime, starts across the street toward the saloon. After a second, Robbie starts after him.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON JIMMIE

As Robbie catches up to him before the swinging doors of the saloon, grabs his arm.

ROBBIE
You can't go in no saloon. Mamma'd give you what for.

Robbie takes the dime, starts into the saloon. Jimmie grabs his arm.

JIMMIE
You can't neither.

ROBBIE
I'm older'n you.

JIMMIE
(belligerently)
One year, one year.

ROBBIE
Dare me?

(CONTINUED)

58 (CONTINUED)

JIMMIE
Double dare you!

Robbie squares his shoulders to do something he knows he should not. But at that moment there is a roar of drunken laughter from within the saloon. Both boys wilt a little.

ROBBIE
Let's peek in first.

The boys kneel down, carefully peer into the saloon under the swinging half-doors.

59 INT. THE SALOON - DAY - FROM CHILDREN'S POINT OF VIEW

CAMERA - SHOOTING UP from floor - sees only the backs of the lumberjacks grouped around the bar, drinking it up.

60 REVERSE ANGLE - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - JIMMIE - ROBBIE

They are peering timidly into the saloon from under the half-doors. Passed out in a seated position between the door and a big brass spittoon, is a clean-shaven, old man, the town drunk. In his rigid hand is a pint of whiskey with one swallow gone. The boys, look up, do not see him, and are about to retreat, mission unaccomplished, when Jimmie spies the old drunk, his eyes travel to the bottle and, on impulse, he grabs it and starts to run with it. Robbie, feeling guilt for his brother, starts to follow and CAMERA HOLDS on empty space for a moment. Suddenly Robbie's face reappears, he drops the dime into the old man's hand, and scoots.

61 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

THE ANGLE - SHOOTING ACROSS PAINLESS PAINE AND TOM CULLEN to the boys as they cross the street. Tom is now strapped into the chair, bellowing like a bull, straining futilely against the straps.

TOM CULLEN
Lemme up, you murderer!

Jimmie is about to climb onto the wagon with the whiskey when Robbie grabs it out of his hand and takes over. Painless takes the bottle, tries to pour the liquid down Tom's throat, but Tom's struggles prevent this.

PAINLESS PAINE
(to Robbie)
Here. I'll hold him. You pour.

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

As Jimmie looks up at the sight in astonishment, Painless manages a headlock on Tom with one arm and grabs his nose to force his mouth open. Robbie inserts the neck of the bottle between Tom's teeth and the whiskey gurgles down his throat.

PAINLESS PAINE (cont'd)
(to Robbie)
You're a good lad. What's your name?

ROBBIE
Robert Strong Eunson, Junior.

TOM CULLEN
(getting his breath)
Not Bob Eunson's boy.

ROBBIE
Yes, sir. You know my dad?

TOM CULLEN
(laughing)
Do I know your dad!
(opens his mouth: points to cavity)
He knocked this'n out.
(indicates Painless)
That's two bits this horse thief'll never see.

Robbie smiles a big smile. Tom starts to laugh drunkenly and Painless realizes that the "anaesthesia" is taking effect. Without further ceremony, he grabs Tom by the head, forces his mouth open, yanks a tooth. Tom grunts in surprise.

PAINLESS
Spit.

Tom spits into the street. Jimmie, going pale, looks down at the blood, is suddenly overtaken with nausea, turns and staggers off on wobbly legs.

TOM
(to Robbie)
Tell your dad you saw old Tom Cullen. An' if he ever wants to put you out to work I can use you.

He sits back. Painless yanks another tooth. Robbie, watching, isn't feeling any too well himself. He climbs down off wagon.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGES
"THE DAY THEY GAVE BABIES AWAY"

61 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
Well, goo-goodbye, Mr. Cullen.

Tom spits once more, smiles a painful smile.

TOM
So long, Norsky.

ROBBIE
My folks are Scottish!

Tom roars with delight.

TOM
A chip off the old block!

His words are cut off by another grunt. Robbie backs off, picks up the tongue of the little wagon loaded with the bale of hay, and starts off with it alone.

WIPE TO

62 INT. THE EUNSON KITCHEN - DAY

The eight-year-old Kirk is seated on the kitchen table. Standing anxiously nearby are Robert and Mamie as Dr. Delbert, depressing the child's tongue with a kitchen spoon, peers into his throat. After a moment he turns and, with his back to the child, whispers the dread word, "Diphtheria." Mamie and Robert exchange frightened glances.

DR. DELBERT
(aside to Robert)
Is there somewhere the other children could go?

ROBERT
I'll try to find a place.
Why, Doctor?

MAMIE
(joining them)
What is it?

DR. DELBERT
Diphtheria.

ROBERT
(to Mamie)
The other children will have to go somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
Well, goo-goodbye, Mr. Cullen.

Tom spits once more, smiles a painful smile.

TOM
So long, Norsky.

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My folks are Scottish!

Tom roars with delight.

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DR. DELBERT
The other children will have to go somewhere.

ROBERT
But who's got room for five more children?

DR. DELBERT
Nobody in this town - especially since they've been exposed. They must be isolated until we know whether any of them come down with it.
(turns to Mamie)
After they've gone, put Kirk to bed, keep him warm, and swab out his throat every two hours. And if you notice any blackening in the membrane, come for me - at once.

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED)

DR. DELBERT
They've been exposed. They must be isolated until we know whether any of them come down with it.
(turns to Mamie)
After they've gone, put Kirk to bed, keep him warm, and swab out his throat every two hours. And if you notice any blackening in the membrane, come for me - at once.

MAMIE
(anxiously)
I will. I will.

DR. DELBERT
Try not to worry.
(crosses room)

ROBERT
Now, now lass.

MAMIE
Rob, what are we to do?

ROBERT
(thinking)
In this weather all that's needed is a roof to keep out the rain. There's the Tyler's old homestead across in Indian land. I'll ask him...

He puts his arm roughly around her shoulder. Both of them stare at Kirk who feels his throat, clears it. The door flies open and Robbie bounds in.

ROBBIE
Papa, Jimmie and I saw Mr. Cullen...

MAMIE
Stand back. Don't come any closer. Go round up the children and wait outside. Papa's takin' you all to the woods for a spell.

ROBBIE
Why?

ROBERT
Don't ask questions. Just do what mama says.

Robbie exits. Robert turns to the forlorn Kirk.

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
(anxiously)
I will. I will.

ROBERT
(thinking)
In this weather all that's needed is a roof to keep out the rain. There's the Tyler's old homestead across in Indian land. I could ask him...

DR. DELBERT
You don't need to ask Howard, I'll just tell him that's where you're going.

ROBERT
Much obliged.

DR. DELBERT
Mamie, you're a good girl. Just keep your shirt on.

He exits. Mamie turns to Robert and begins to whimper.

ROBERT
Now now, lass, none o' that.

He puts his arm roughly around her shoulder. Both of them stare at Kirk who feels his throat, clears it. The door flies open and Robbie bounds in.

ROBBIE
Papa, Jimmie and I saw Mr. Cullen. He's havin' all his teeth -

MAMIE
Stand back. Don't come any closer. Go round up the children and wait outside. Papa's takin' you all to the woods for a spell.

ROBBIE
Why?

ROBERT
Don't ask questions. Just do what mamma says.

Robbie exits. Robert turns to the forlorn Kirk.

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT (cont'd)
Now you be a fine lad and mind mamma.

KIRK
(puckering up)
I don't want you to go away.

ROBERT
You wouldn't have your brothers and sisters to sicken too, now would you?

KIRK
Don't go away.

Robert picks up a small, unfinished fiddle which lies in the cradle-bread trough.

ROBERT
Look, son. I'll sand and varnish your fiddle while we're gone.

KIRK
(crying)
Don't go, papa.

He throws his arms around his father and kisses him, as we

DISSOLVE TO

63 EXT. AREA BEFORE THE EUNSON HOUSE - DAY (SILENT)

Near the door stands the wagon with the horse hitched to it. Robert, Robbie and Jimmie are loading up supplies - a bag of flour, a slab of bacon, navy beans in a bag, bedding, kettles, etc., everything needed for a siege. This is a moment of panic and confusion, with the children getting in each other's way. And finally, as they climb into the wagon for the start of the trek, we see Mamie standing in the door to the house, waving them tearfully off, and CAMERA PANS TO Kirk's peaked little face looking through the window. He is sick and frightened.

WIPE TO

64 EXT. MAIN STREET OF EUREKA - DAY

Coming down the street is the Eunson's democrat wagon. Robert is driving the horse. Beside him sits Robbie, holding the baby, Jane. And piled in back along with blankets and food supplies are Jimmie, Annabelle and Elizabeth. A few drunken lumberjacks stagger out of Dutch Fischer's saloon.

(CONTINUED)

64 (CONTINUED)

Painless Paine is cleaning up his dentist's chair after his primitive surgery. Out cold, lying flat on the bottom of Painless' wagon, is Tom Cullen. Robbie spots Tom, points.

ROBBIE
Look, papa. That's Mr. Cullen. I was tryin' to tell you. He had every bloody achin' tooth in his head yanked out.

Robert turns now, regards with some affection the prone figure of Tom Cullen.

ROBERT
Did he, now?

DISSOLVE TO

65 EXT. A LONELY ROAD IN THE WOODS - DAY

Along the road jogs the wagon. The road opens onto a clearing which proves to be the small graveyard of Eureka. A grave digger is performing his melancholy task as the wagon passes. Robert purposefully keeps his eyes straight ahead.

ANNABELLE
What's that man doing, papa?

ROBERT
He's makin' a resting place for poor old Mr. Kalaski.

ANNABELLE
Is he tired?

ROBERT
He's very tired, darlin'.

ANNABELLE
That's a funny place to rest.

Robert winces. Robbie sees his father's tension.

ROBBIE
(protecting his father from further hurt)
You hush up, Annabelle.

The wagon disappears along a narrower trail into the dark woods, as we

DISSOLVE TO

66 EXT. AN OLD CABIN IN THE WOODS - EVENING

The wagon pulls up before the cabin and stops. There is an eerie atmosphere about the scene. An owl HOOTS. All the children are a little wary, though Robbie and Jimmie pretend great bravery. Robert climbs down and holds up his arms for the baby, Jane. Jimmie and Annabelle scramble down. Robbie helps Elizabeth. Robert lights a candle-lantern and leads the way toward the house carrying Jane and with Annabelle and Elizabeth very much subdued, and staying close. Robbie and Jimmie start to unhitch the horse. As Robert opens the door, a rabbit scoots past them. The girls scream and grab his legs.

ROBERT
(patting them comfortingly)
Everything will look different tomorrow when the sun comes up.

He enters, and the little girls follow him timorously as we

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO

67A EXT. OLD CABIN - ROBERT CHOPS WOOD - DAY

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
For us kids it was a picnic, but I knew papa was worried all right. You could tell just by looking at his face...

67 INT. THE OLD CABIN - DAY

Sun streams in the window. There are no furnishings except for a few bunks, an old table, and a couple broken down chairs. The baby, Jane, is seated on one of the bunks with Annabelle beside her. Annabelle is playing a game in which she is stirring something in an imaginary pot. Elizabeth stands nearby with a suspicious look on her face.

ANNABELLE
(bossily)
Now I'll be the mama and you'll be the papa and this is our baby.

Annabelle picks up her father's hat, puts it on Elizabeth whose face almost disappears under it.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)
And you go out and then come in and you sniff - like this - (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

66 EXT. AN OLD CABIN IN THE WOODS - EVENING

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(bossily)
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Annabelle picks up her father's hat, puts it on Elizabeth whose face almost disappears under it.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)
And you go out and then come in and you sniff - like this -
(illustrates)
and you say, "What's in the stew tonight?" And I say I haven't even thought about supper. This baby has been so bad.
(gives Jane a slight shake)

Annabelle looks up, sees Elizabeth still standing there.

(CONTINUED)

67 (CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE (cont'd)
(illustrates)
and you say, "What's in the stew tonight?" And I say I haven't even thought about supper. This baby has been so bad.
(gives Jane a slight shake)

Annabelle looks up, sees Elizabeth still standing there.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)
Well? You come in and you sniff - and you say -

ELIZABETH
I want to be the mama just oncet.

ANNABELLE
You can't be the mama. You're shy.

Still wearing Robert's hat, her chin now beginning to quiver, she turns toward the door.

68 EXT. THE CABIN - MED. LONG SHOT - DAY

Before the cabin a big kettle is suspended from a tripod over a blazing fire. Beside it Robert is skinning a rabbit. CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT of Robert's face. It wears an expression of strain. Behind Robert, Elizabeth emerges from the cabin. She marches straight to him and grabs him by the leg.

ROBERT
(shaking off his preoccupation)
What's frettin' ya, little love?

ELIZABETH
Annie always makes me be the papa.

Robert squats to her level, looks at her pouting face beneath his hat.

ROBERT
And there's something wrong with bein' the papa?

(CONTINUED)

67 (CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE (cont'd)
Well? You come in and you sniff - and you say -

ELIZABETH
I want to be the mamma just oncet.

ANNABELLE
You can't be the mamma. You're shy.

Still wearing Robert's hat, her chin now beginning to quiver, she turns toward the door.

68 EXT. MED. LONG SHOT - THE CABIN - DAY

Before the cabin a big kettle is suspended from a tripod over a blazing fire. Beside it Robert is skinning a rabbit. CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT of Robert's face. It wears an expression of strain.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
For us kids it was a picnic, but I knew papa was worried all right. You could tell just by looking at his face....

Behind Robert Elizabeth emerges from the cabin. She marches straight to him and grabs him by the leg.

ROBERT
(shaking off his preoccupation)
What's frettin' ya, little love?

ELIZABETH
Annie always makes me be the papa.

Robert squats to her level, looks at her pouting face beneath his hat.

ROBERT
And there's something wrong with bein' the papa?

(CONTINUED)

68 (CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH
The papa never does anything but sniff and say "What's in the stew?"

ROBERT
Now, Lizzie, that's where you're wrong.

He sits on the ground, lifts her on his lap, takes his hat off her and puts it on his own head.

ROBERT (cont'd)
The papa is almost as important as the mamma. You see, if it wasn't for the papa who makes the money, there wouldn't be anything for the mamma to put in the stew for the children...

DISSOLVE TO

69 EXT. A SMALL STREAM IN THE WOODS - DAY

Jimmie, using a green willow for a rod, is intently fishing. He stands perfectly still watching the line. A fish seems to be nibbling the hook. Suddenly, and without warning, another hook plops into the water beside it. Outraged, Jimmie turns to discover Robbie with his pole.

JIMMIE
You durn fool! I had a bite!

Jimmie drops his pole, lunges at Robbie, and the two of them go down pummeling each other. After a moment Robert appears, sees what is happening, grabs them both, stands them up where they glower at each other.

ROBERT
Now what's this all about?

JIMMIE
A great big pickerel was nibbling my hook. And Robbie comes along - and makes a big splash -

ROBBIE
I didn't know he had a bite.

(CONTINUED)

69 (CONTINUED)

JIMMIE
You shoulda looked!

ROBERT
(releasing the two boys)
Jimmie lad, you've got to learn - as Bobbie Burns says - "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

But Jimmie's temper has not cooled. He takes another swing at Robbie, but Robbie puts up his hands to protect himself. Robert frowns in distress, grabs them both again.

ROBERT (cont'd)
I'm surprised at you both. Brawlin' like a couple of Irishers over nothin', when your brother's so sick and we don't know how he's gettin' along. You should be ashamed of yourselves!

The boys, cowed, pick up their poles. Jimmie lifts four or five small fish hung by their gills on a stick, and starts off towards the cabin. Robert puts his hand over his eyes for a moment, then turns and follows them.

WIPE TO

70 EXT. THE OLD CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

As Robert, Robbie and Jimmie appear in the clearing. Suddenly, the door to the privy in the distance opens and Elizabeth comes running, crying, her pants hanging.

ELIZABETH
Papa, papa, a bee!

Robert runs to her, takes her in his arms.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
(crying)
It stung me. Right there!
(she feels her bottom)

ROBERT
(comfortingly)
There there, darlin'. Papa'll fix it.
(turns to Robbie)
Go fetch some mud, and be quick about it.

Robbie runs off, as we

DISSOLVE TO

71 EXT. THE EUNSON HOUSE - DAY

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE FRONT DOOR. On it hangs a yellow sign with the single word "Diptheria" written on it. Across it rain is falling.

72 INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

Mamie is making candles. She pours the hot tallow into a candle mold while she holds the wick straight. There is a sudden strangling, gurgling NOISE off. Mamie sets down the tallow pot, grabs up a kitchen spoon, and runs.

73 INT. THE CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

One double bed and the cot are stripped. In the other bed lies Kirk, who, as Mamie enters, claws his throat for breath. She runs to him, puts one arm around his shoulders to lift him up.

MAMIE
Open your mouth. Open your mouth for mama.

Kirk opens his mouth. Mamie depresses his tongue with the kitchen spoon and peers down his throat. At the sight she all but swoons, closing her eyes momentarily. Then she opens them wide, and inserts forefinger and thumb far into the boy's mouth as we

DISSOLVE TO

74A EXT. OLD CABIN - NIGHT

Rob on porch playing harmonica.

74 INT. OLD CABIN - NIGHT

Over scene come the SOUND of peepers, the distant HOWL of wolf, the HOOT of an owl. On one of the bunks Elizabeth and Jane are asleep. Annabelle is washing the tin plates and cups. Robbie and Jimmie are sprawled across another bunk, taking turns peering out a broken window into the night. Robert is varnishing the fiddle in the light of a candle.

75 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ROBBIE AND JIMMIE

JIMMIE
I see a Chippewa.

(CONTINUED)

71 EXT. THE EUNSON HOUSE - DAY

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE FRONT DOOR. On it hangs a yellow sign with the single word "Diphtheria" written on it. Across it rain is falling.

72 INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

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Kirk opens his mouth. Mamie depresses his tongue with the kitchen spoon and peers down his throat. At the sight she all but swoons, closing her eyes momentarily. Then she opens them wide, and inserts forefinger and thumb far into the boy's mouth as we

DISSOLVE TO

74 INT. THE OLD CABIN - NIGHT

Over Scene come the SOUND of peepers, the distant HOWL of wolf, the HOOT of an owl. On one of the bunks Elizabeth and Jane are asleep. Annabelle is washing the tin plates and cups. Robbie and Jimmie are sprawled across another bunk, taking turns peering out a broken window into the night. Robert is varnishing the fiddle in the light of a candle.

75 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ROBBIE AND JIMMIE

JIMMIE
I see a Chippewa.

ROBBIE
You're plumb looney. Nobody's seen an Indian around these parts in years.

Nevertheless Robbie looks out.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
You're plumb looney. Nobody's seen an Indian around these parts in years.

Nevertheless Robbie looks out.

JIMMIE
(after a pause)
Robbie, is Kirk going to die?

ROBBIE
Hush up. You want Papa to hear you?

Robbie looks off at his father, exits to porch.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
(tentative)
Papa?

ROBERT
Ay, Robbie?

ROBBIE
Nothin' bad could happen, could it? To Kirk, I mean?

ROBERT
Pesky mosquitoes.

ROBBIE
Could it, Papa?

ROBERT
(evasively)
You're only a lad. Stay that way yet awhile. Let me do the worryin'.

ROBBIE
But Kirk and me - we're brothers.
(youthfully intense)
I want to <u>know</u>, Papa.

Robert looks at his son appraisingly.

ROBERT
(almost with regret)
That's a sign you're growin' up. Wantin' to know the answers to the big questions. But it isn't given anybody to know the future. You hope and you pray for guidance - and you do what you can within your powers... (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

75. (CONTINUED)

JIMMIE
(after a pause)
Robbie, is Kirk going to die?

ROBBIE
Hush up. You want Papa to hear you?

Robbie looks off at his father. He rises, and CAMERA FOLLOWS as he crosses slowly to Robert.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
(tentative)
Papa?

ROBERT
Ay, Robbie?

ROBBIE
Papa - nothin' bad could happen, could it?

Robert stares off, then slaps his forehead vigorously, as if to break the mood. He looks down at his hand.

ROBERT
Pesky mosquitoes.

Annabelle comes up to her father.

ANNABELLE
I've dried the dishes.

ROBERT
That's a fine grown-up girl. Now. Time for your A B C's. Fetch your slate.

ANNABELLE
Do I have to?

ROBERT
You know mamma. She sets great store by a girl's learnin' to read.

Robbie reaches for the slate. The back is decorated with a sentimental, chromo-like Christmas scene - a hearth with bulging gift-laden colored stockings suspended from it. There are six of these, varying in size from a twelve-year-old's to a baby's. Robbie hands Annabelle the slate as Robert takes her on his knee. He draws an "A" on the slate.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT (cont'd)
(takes a deep breath)
...because if you don't - and the worst happens to somebody you love - then a man can't live with himself.

Robert goes back to working energetically on the violin. Robbie watches him a moment, then -

ROBBIE
When I grow up, I want to be just like you.

Annabelle crosses, goes straight to her father.

ANNABELLE
I dried the dishes.

ROBERT
And I'm proud of you for bein' such a good helper. Now. Time for your A B C's. Fetch your slate.

ANNABELLE
Do I have to?

ROBERT
You know mama. She sets great store by a girl's learnin' to read.

They enter house. Robbie reaches for the slate. The back is decorated with a sentimental, chromo-like Christmas scene - a hearth with bulging, gift-laden colored stockings suspended from it. There are six of these, varying in size from a twelve-year old's to a baby's. Robbie hands Annabelle the slate as Robert takes her on his knee. He draws an "A" on the slate.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT (cont'd)
Now what's that?

ANNABELLE
A.

ROBERT
Ay, Annabelle.
(draws a "B")
And what is that?

ANNABELLE
B, Papa.

ROBERT
'Tis proud of you I am. Now -
(draws a "G"
-tell your papa, what is that?

ANNABELLE
C.

Robbie and Jimmie laugh at the error. Robert frowns.

ROBERT
Dinna laugh at your sister. It rightly looks like a C for a fact.

He accents the bar on the G. As he does so, there comes a faint YOOHOO off. Robert looks up sharply.

ROBERT (cont'd)
What's that?

ANNABELLE
G.

ROBERT
No, darlin'. Hark.

The SOUND comes again, a little louder. Robert sets Annabelle down, hurries to the door, peers out into the darkness. Robbie follows him.

ROBBIE
(in alarm)
It's Mamma!

ROBERT
Stay here! All of you!

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED)

There is such command in his voice that the boys make no move to follow him as he hurries off into the darkness.

76 EXT. A PATH IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

It is very dark and, standing in the path, waiting, is Mamie who holds a lantern in her hand. Since it hangs at her side, her face is in darkness. Anxiously Robert approaches, stops a few paces from her, his body yearning towards her.

ROBERT
Mamie?

MAMIE
(emotionally)
Oh, Rob - Rob -

ROBERT
Show me your face, Jo.

Slowly she lifts the lantern until it illumines her face. Her eyes are bright, she is smiling the good news.

ROBERT (cont'd)
(with a catch in his voice)
Then the lad's all right?

MAMIE
(nodding)
He passed the crisis last night.

In his relief he takes an involuntary step forward. Mamie raises one hand, steps back.

MAMIE (cont'd)
Not yet, not yet.

He stops.

MAMIE (cont'd)
(anxious)
And the others? You've been watchin' for any sign of - anything?

ROBERT
They're fine - they're all fine.

(CONTINUED)

76 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
And the babie?

ROBERT
She needs you. We all need you.

MAMIE
Dr. Delbert says you can come home Saturday.

There is a long moment of silence. Everything of importance has been said, but the need remains.

ROBERT
Mame - Mame - I need to touch you.

MAMIE
(backing away)
Saturday, Rob...
(fainter)
Saturday...

She turns, and hurries away. After Robert has watched her out of sight, he starts back to the cabin.

WIPE TO

77 EXT. THE OLD CABIN - NIGHT

As Robert approaches, Robbie is silhouetted in the doorway, waiting.

ROBERT
(his voice husky)
Kirk's fine.

ROBBIE
Then nothin' bad's going to happen?

ROBERT
(with wonder)
The lad's gettin' well.

ROBBIE
I'll tell 'em.

He disappears inside the cabin. And now Robert, the tension broken at long last, sinks down on the stoop before the cabin and buries his face in his hands. Robbie reappears at the door, smiling. His expression changes almost to incredulity as he realizes what is happening to Robert. He stares down at him for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

77 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
It was the first time I ever saw a grown man cry.

After a moment Robbie sits tentatively on the step beside his father and almost shyly puts his arm across Robert's shoulder. Without raising his head Robert pats the boy's knee as we

DISSOLVE TO

78 INT. THE EUNSON KITCHEN - DUSK

Mamie is ladling broth into a bowl. Her hair is not so neat as usual; her shoulders sag. Kirk is pale and thin, but well on the road to recovery. There is still no vitality in the room until suddenly the door bursts open and the absent ones enter to grab their mother, jump up and down, WHOOP, then stand back to regard Kirk with a certain awe. The children are a disreputable-looking lot. The girls' hair is matted, the boys' stockings torn.

MAMIE
Why, look at you! You're wild Indians, every blessed one of you.

She pulls the round, wooden tub from under the sink as Robert enters, goes straight to Kirk, puts his arms around the boy and holds him close.

ROBERT
How d'you feel, son?

KIRK
I was terrible sick. I couldn't breathe. I had nightmares - about tigers and lions and -

ANNABELLE
(jumping up and down)
I saw a wolf. A real live wolf.

JIMMIE
You did not! It was a fox!

ANNABELLE
Wolf wolf wolf!

(CONTINUED)

77 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE'S VOICE (IN NARRATION)
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After a moment Robbie sits tentatively on the step beside his father and almost shyly puts his arm across Robert's shoulder. Without raising his head Robert pats the boy's knee as we

DISSOLVE TO

78 INT. THE EUNSON KITCHEN - DAY

Mamie is ladling broth into a bowl. Her hair is not so neat as usual; her shoulders sag. Kirk is pale and thin, but well on the road to recovery. There is still no vitality in the room until suddenly the door bursts open and the absent ones enter to grab their mother, jump up and down, WHOOP, then stand back to regard Kirk with a certain awe. The children are a disreputable-looking lot. The girls' hair is matted, the boys' stockings torn.

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(jumping up and down)
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JIMMIE
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ANNABELLE
Wolf wolf wolf!

(CONTINUED)

78 (CONTINUED)

ROBERT
(a little cross)
Hush, Annie.
(looks at Mamie, who is pumping water into the kettle)
Aren't you speakin' to me?

MAMIE
Not until I scrub these wild galoots. Rob, how could you have let them get so dirty?

ROBERT
I did the best I could. Don't be <u>at</u> me, Mame. I'm tired.

MAMIE
(carrying kettle to stove)
Don't talk to me about tired.

She continues her activity. Robert, apparently angry, turns and exits.

JIMMIE
I saw a Chippewa. A real live Chippewa brave.

ROBBIE
He didn't either, mamma.

ANNABELLE
Jimmie should have his mouth washed out with soap.

MAMIE
We'll scour his outside first.
(notices Elizabeth)
Oh, Lizzie, look at your hair! Why didn't your papa ---

Grabs a brush and starts working on the little girl's tangles.

ROBBIE
He did the best he could. He was awful worried.

(CONTINUED)

78 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
I know, I know. And I was sharp with him, wasn't I?

She pauses, distressed, then hands the brush to Robbie.

MAMIE (cont'd)
Try to get the tangles out.

Mamie exits hurriedly.

WIPE TO

79 EXT. THE BOAT HOUSE - DAY

There is no sound from within as Mamie opens the door and peers into the gloom within.

MAMIE
Rob, you there?

ROBERT'S VOICE
Ay.

MAMIE
Forgive a body. It was only that -

The sound of a SICK, WRACKING COUGH stops her. She puts her hand to her throat and enters.

80 INT. THE BOAT HOUSE

In the gloom we can make out a sailboat there for repairs and the skeleton of a canoe. Sail cloth is heaped on the rafters. Robert is seated on the edge of the bunk, his body possessed by the convulsion of the coughing. Mamie kneels beside him, waits for the convulsion to stop. Then -

MAMIE
Open your mouth.

ROBERT
Oh, Mamie, leave me be.

MAMIE
Open your mouth!

(CONTINUED)

80 (CONTINUED)

Robert opens his mouth. Mamie looks in his throat. Her expression is controlled, betraying nothing.

ROBERT
(closing his mouth)
'Tis nothing. Something went down my Sunday throat.

Mamie rises without a word, crosses to the door, exits.

ROBBIE
Mamma, I can't get all the...

MAMIE
Robbie, go get Dr. Delbert, quick.

81 OMITTED

82 EXT. THE BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

From MED. SHOT CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO CLOSE SHOT of the door on which, in the moonlight, we can read the word "Diphtheria." Over scene comes the muffled sound of frantic COUGHING and GASPING for breath. Finally all is still except the CRY OF A LOON.

83 INT. THE BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

In the dim light of one candle Mamie tenderly wipes the perspiration from Robert's face. He is propped up in a semi-reclining position, his mackinaw over him. After the spasm of coughing, his eyes are closed, his expression lifeless. Mamie reaches into a small crock of goose grease, rubs it on his neck, and wraps it with a flannel. Robert's eyes open. She smiles and, as if amusing a child, speaks quietly.

(CONTINUED)

80 (CONTINUED)

Robert opens his mouth. Mamie looks in his throat. Her expression is controlled, betraying nothing,

ROBERT
(closing his mouth)
'Tis nothing. Something went down my Sunday throat.

Mamie rises without a word, crosses to the door, exits.

81 EXT. THE BOAT HOUSE - DAY

As Mamie closes the door carefully behind her. She looks about her wildly.

MAMIE
(calling)
Robbie... Robbie...

DISSOLVE TO

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(CONTINUED)

83 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
Rob, remember when you were with the expedition searching for Franklin at the North Pole?

Robert nods, swallows. It is difficult for him.

MAMIE (cont'd)
I never told you this. I was afraid it would make you mad at sister Annabelle. But for all those three years you were gone and no word she was after me to wed Gower MacDermott. Remember him with the curly red beard?

Robert grimaces.

MAMIE (cont'd)
Everybody said you was as lost as Franklin, but I knew you'd come back.

ROBERT
(whispering, with great difficulty)
Then why did you go into mourning?

MAMIE
(chuckling)
It came to me. It wouldn't be fittin' for any man - not even rich Gower MacDermott - to court a maiden while she was dressed in deep mournin' for her late intended. Wasn't I canny, Rob?

Robert nods, touches her hand.

MAMIE (cont'd)
I've often thought on it. Suppose I'd let them talk me into marryin' with him, Robbie and the rest would have favored Gower. I wouldna have liked that.

ROBERT
(whispering)
Nor I.

MAMIE
(with wonder)
Rob, think on it. Not since the children joined us have we been alone like this.

Robert tries to speak, cannot. He takes her hand, holds it against his cheek.

DISSOLVE TO

84 OMITTED

85 EXT. THE EUREKA GRAVEYARD - DAY

Gathered about an open grave and a plain wooden casket covered with spring wild flowers are Mamie, Rev. and Mrs. Roscoe, Robbie, Jimmie, Kirk, Dr. and Mrs. Delbert, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. Raiden, Tom Cullen wearing new uncomfortable false teeth, and others. All are in black. The sky is lowering, a high wind whips the women's skirts and stirs up the dirt from the open grave. A little to one side is the horse, Ned, hitched to the democrat wagon. In it sits Mrs. Pugmire with Annabelle, Elizabeth and Jane.

86 CLOSE SHOT - REV. ROSCOE

REV. ROSCOE
(raising his voice against the wind)
In the words of Robert Eunson's favorite poet, Robert Burns, "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Rev. Roscoe turns to signal the pallbearers to lower the casket. The horse WHINNIES, and rears. All turn to look at the cause of the disturbance.

87 OMITTED

88 EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - DAY

The casket is now being lowered into the grave as a torrential rain begins to fall. The mourners hold their tableau and when the casket is down, Rev. Roscoe picks up a handful of wet dirt, and drops it into the black hole.

FADE OUT

84 EXT. LONG SHOT - CYCLONE - (STOCK)

its trunk whirling, dipping, scattering destruction.

85 EXT. THE EUREKA GRAVEYARD - DAY

Gathered about an open grave and a plain wooden casket covered with spring wild flowers are Mamie, Rev. and Mrs. Roscoe, Robbie, Jimmie, Kirk, Dr. and Mrs. Delbert, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. Raiden, Tom Cullen wearing new uncomfortable false teeth, and others. All are in black. The sky is lowering, a high wind whips the women's skirts and stirs up the dirt from the open grave. A little to one side is the horse, Ned, hitched to the democrat wagon. In it sits Mrs. Pugmire with Annabelle, Elizabeth and Jane.

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87 EXT. ANOTHER SHOT OF CYCLONE - DAY

It is closer now, the trunk dipping and darting, this way and that.

REV. ROSCOE'S VOICE
(exhorting the cyclone)
Oh, Lord, stay Thy fury until this good servant is laid to rest in peace and dignity.

CAMERA HOLDS ON cyclone until it moves off to spend its destruction elsewhere.

88 EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - DAY

The casket is now being lowered into the grave as a torrential rain begins to fall. The mourners hold their tableau and when the casket is down, Rev. Roscoe picks up a handful of wet dirt, and drops it into the black hole.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

89 INT. EUNSON KITCHEN - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

MRS. RUNYON - She stands on a milking stool, wearing a hot red velvet dress, the hem of which - we discover as CAMERA PULLS BACK - Mamie is basting. Jane sits in the high chair. Annabelle is chasing Elizabeth noisily around the room.

ANNABELLE
You come here, Lizzie. You're going to be the papa.

ELIZABETH
(yelling)
I won't - I won't - I won't.
(stamps her foot)

MRS. RUNYON
Can't you control your young 'uns?

MAMIE
Play outside, bonnie lambs.

ELIZABETH
Not unless I can be the mamma.

MAMIE
(wearily)
Let her be the mamma, Annie.

The children go. Mamie returns to her task.

MAMIE (cont'd)
I'm sorry, Mrs. Runyon. I'm so used to children.

MRS. RUNYON
You should set your cap for some old bach.

MAMIE
Thank you. I'm not marryin' again. Robert was my husband. Would you turn, please, Mrs. Runyon?

Mrs. Runyon turns.

MRS. RUNYON
Then why don't you return to your kin in Scotland?

(CONTINUED)

89 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
Money for passage doesn't grow on trees.

MRS. RUNYON
Perhaps I could take up a collection for you.

MAMIE
I'll thank you no, Mrs. Runyon. When I need charity I'll ask for it.

MRS. RUNYON
Pride goeth before a fall.

Mamie bites off a thread viciously, starts to re-thread.

MRS. RUNYON (cont'd)
Your eldest is a strong boy. Put him out by the day.

MAMIE
He's been sweepin' down at the sawmill - all summer. But school starts next week.

MRS. RUNYON
Book learning is a luxury <u>your</u> offspring can ill afford.

MAMIE
And when I want advice I'll ask for it. There. It's finished, Mrs. Runyon.

Mrs. Runyon steps down off the milk stool.

MRS. RUNYON
It's high time somebody talked turkey to you.

MAMIE
You mean it's time I ate crow.

The two women glare at each other a moment. Then -

MRS. RUNYON
(turning)
Get this off me. I'm roasting alive.

Mamie starts to unpin the dress as we

DISSOLVE TO

90 INT. THE SMALL BARN - DAY

Mamie is now milking the cow. In the next stall stands the horse, Ned. Mamie's head rests against the cow's flank. Directly the splash of the milk stops, but Mamie's head remains in the same position. In the silence we can hear the SUMMER-SOUND of HORSEFLIES BUZZING about the barn. Robbie runs in.

ROBBIE
I told you I'd be home in time to milk.

Mamie looks up, startled. There are tears in her eyes.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
Get up, Mamma. Lemme.

She rises docilely. Robbie sits on the stool to finish milking. Mamie stands not knowing what to do next. Her glance roves the barn aimlessly, stops on the horse.

MAMIE
You'd better take Ned over to Mr. Tyler and sell him.

ROBBIE
(milking vigorously)
Why do we have to do that?

MAMIE
Because I told Mrs. Runyon what for.

ROBBIE
It's about time.

MAMIE
No, it wasn't the time at all. But I couldna help mysel'.

There is a moment of silence. Then -

ROBBIE
(tentative)
Mama? You sold papa's boat yard.

MAMIE
All that went to pay the banker - and some other debts. I hadn't wanted to tax you, Robbie, when you're so young.

(CONTINUED)

90 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
I'll be twelve next month.

MAMIE
Oh, yes. That's terrible old.

There is another pause.

MAMIE (cont'd)
When your papa was here I never fretted over debts. If he worried, I never knew. But now...
(forcefully)
There's no way out if we run behind.

ROBBIE
Couldn't we run behind - just till October?

MAMIE
Why? What's on your mind?

ROBBIE
Well, if we sell old Ned to Mr. Tyler what'll he do? Just sell him again - for more - to one of the lumber camps this fall. So I was thinking, why don't we sell him to the lumber camp direct? And then we wouldn't be payin' a middle man, see?

Mamie looks at Robbie and cannot help smiling.

MAMIE
You're a true Scot, Robbie.

DISSOLVE TO

91 INT. THE EUNSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mamie is icing a marble cake, Jimmie is popping corn, Kirk is tuning up his fiddle, Elizabeth is polishing red apples, and Annabelle stands at the window peering out. Jane stands on a chair watching her mother.

ANNABELLE
He's coming, he's coming!

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED)

Jimmie dumps a popper full of popcorn into a bowl, reaches into the salt box and sprinkles the corn. Mamie, turning away from the cake, does not see Jane dip her finger into the frosting. Kirk puts the fiddle under his chin. The door opens to admit Robbie. The jacket he wears is too small for him. But he grins as they all yell "Happy Birthday." Then Jimmie nods to Kirk, who starts to play the melody of "Auld Lang Syne." All the children old enough to sing, join in. Mamie starts, but soon must turn away. She makes a fuss - to cover her emotion - at pouring milk.

ALL TOGETHER
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear.
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

ANNABELLE
Here's your present, here's your present.

She hands him a pair of bright red mittens, attached by a long cord of yarn to run up one sleeve and down the other.

ROBBIE
Did you make 'em, Annie?

KIRK
Course she didn't make 'em.

MAMIE
(turning back to the children)
Annie helped me.

Robbie tries on the mittens, goes to his mother.

ROBBIE
Gee, mamma, they fit perfect.

She kisses him on the brow.

JIMMIE
Come on, Robbie, cut your cake.

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
I gotta tell mamma something.

He peels off the mittens, takes out an old snap pocketbook out of his pocket, hands it to his mother.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
Mr. Cullen give me forty dollars for old Ned.

MAMIE
That's fine, Robbie.

ROBBIE
But that ain't all. I got a job for this winter.

MAMIE
Indeed you have a job for this winter. To finish sixth grade.

ROBBIE
(sighing)
I told him you'd say that. So he's lettin' me work just Saturdays and Sundays. And know what he's going to pay me? Fifty cents.

MAMIE
(suspiciously)
For doin' what?

ROBBIE
Bein' coffee boy.

MAMIE
I don't want you to get any notions about bein' a logger.

ROBBIE
Papa was a logger. What's the matter with bein' a logger?

MAMIE
I never had a peaceful moment until he got the boat yard. I won't have ye with those rough men - wanderin' through the woods - the crashin' trees - the bitter cold -

ROBBIE
But me and Mr. Cullen shook on it. And he give me fifty cents in advance.

MAMIE
You can give it back.

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
I gotta tell mamma something.

He peels off the mittens, takes out an old snap pocketbook out of his pocket, hands it to his mother.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
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MAMIE
(suspiciously)
For doin' what?

ROBBIE
Bein' coffee boy.

MAMIE
No you're not! I won't have ye with those rough men - wanderin' through the woods - the crashin' trees - the bitter cold -

ROBBIE
But me and Mr. Cullen shook on it. And he give me fifty cents in advance.

MAMIE
You can give it back.

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
You can't give back a handshake.

KIRK
Robbie, aren't you ever going to cut the cake?

Mamie, troubled, turns to discover Jane methodically licking the frosting off the cake. She pulls the child away, wipes her hands.

ROBBIE
Mamma, will you think on it?

Mamie does not answer, but goes to the sewing machine where she picks up Robert's mackinaw which she has cut down for Robbie. She hands it to him, almost roughly.

MAMIE
Try it on. See if it fits.

Robbie takes the garment, looks up at his mother.

MAMIE (cont'd)
Put it on.

He puts one arm into a sleeve, then the other, adjusts it across his little shoulders, buttons it, settles into it with pride. He seems almost to grow as he assumes the mantle of his father.

JIMMIE
My popcorn's gettin' cold.

Robbie walks over to the table, picks up a knife, carefully cuts into the cake.

ROBBIE
Mamma. Are you thinking on it?

Mamie gives him a look which tells him that she is. Reluctantly.

DISSOLVE TO

92 EXT. THE WOODS - DAY - SEVERAL SHOTS OF

Robbie, wearing the cut-down mackinaw and the red mitten. He is plodding down a path in the woods with a yoke over his shoulder from each end of which is suspended a pail of steaming coffee. Around his neck is a wire which supports thirty or forty tin cups, strung like a jangling necklace.

93 EXT. THE WOODS - DAY - TRUCKING SHOT

as if from Robbie's point of view. The path ahead turns sharply and - suddenly - as CAMERA MAKES TURN - we see a black bear. Surprised, as CAMERA MOVEMENT STOPS, the beast rises on its hind legs, peers directly into camera.

94 ANOTHER ANGLE - ROBBIE AND THE BEAR

They are not more than twenty feet apart, each frozen in tableau. There is not a sound of any sort. Then at last a slight rattle begins. It is the cups around Robbie's neck jiggling. The bear drops onto all fours, shambles off into the woods. Finally Robbie lets out his breath and slowly moves forward, frightened now, staring off in the direction the bear has taken, and - when he has passed the spot - breaking into an awkward run.

DISSOLVE TO

95 INT. EUNSON KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Kirk is washing dishes, Jimmie drying them. As Jimmie returns from the cupboard for another plate he shadow boxes his way. Annabelle is combing Elizabeth's hair, and Elizabeth is scowling, crying "Ouch." A fire burns in the fireplace. The yeast is in its accustomed place.

JIMMIE
(shadow-boxing)
Know what I'm gonna be when I grow up? The lightweight champeen o' the whole world! Put up your dukes.

Kirk backs away fearfully. Jimmie's attitude changes.

JIMMIE (cont'd)
Aw, I wouldn't punch you, Kirk.
(playfully taps Kirk on the jaw)
Whatchyou gonna be?

KIRK
(going back to washing dishes)
I'm going to work in an office - keep books.

JIMMIE
Aw, that's no fun.

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

There is another exclamation of pain from Elizabeth. But Annabelle pays no attention to her. She has been listening to the boys.

ANNABELLE
(airily)
Well I'm going to have a big wedding - and take the steamboat to Oshkosh on my wedding trip. And when I get back I'll have six babies - three boys and three girls.

The boys snicker.

KIRK
You can't come back from a wedding trip with six babies.

ANNABELLE
(indignant)
Who says I can't!
(this settled, turns to Elizabeth)
What are you going to be, Lizzie?

ELIZABETH
(mad)
I'm <u>not</u> going to be the papa!

The door opens and Robbie enters. He stamps his feet, brushes snow off his mackinaw, as the children gather round him and ad lib greetings and their pleasure at seeing him. Annabelle, playing the role of Little Mother, takes his coat and hangs it up, as -

ROBBIE
(sotto voce)
Where's mamma?

JIMMIE
Up to Mrs. Raiden's. She finished the Christmas dresses for -
(contemptuously)
those girls.

ROBBIE
(conspiratorially)
Well then - you want to know somethin'?

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

The children ad lib cries of "What, Robbie?" "What happened?" "Tell us!" etc.

ROBBIE
I met a bear in the woods yesterday. He was as close to me as - as Kirk is.

Kirk fearfully draws back. But Annabelle leans forward.

ANNABELLE
Did he growl at you?

ROBBIE
Course he didn't. I'm walkin' down the trail, see - luggin' the coffee and cups. And there's this sharp turn. And I look up - and there he stands!

KIRK
(breathless)
What'd he do?

ROBBIE
Well - he looked at me - and then I guess he heard the tin cups rattlin' together. But I just looked him in the eye - and finally ol' mister grizzly starts backing - and then he turns and shambles off into the woods.

ANNABELLE
Oh, Robbie, weren't you scared?

ROBBIE
Course I wasn't scared!

JIMMIE
Then what was you shakin' for?

ROBBIE
Who said anything about shakin'?

JIMMIE
You said the cups was rattlin' - and you was standin' still - so you must have been shakin'.

The door opens and Mamie enters, brushing the snow from her by-now old beaver coat. She does not look well.

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

KIRK
Mamma! Mamma! Robbie met a bear in the woods and was scared most to death!

MAMIE
(removing her coat)
Shame on you, Robbie. Makin' up tales to frighten children.

JIMMIE
But he did, Mamma. He was as close to old Mister grizzly as - as you are.

MAMIE
Is this true, Robbie?

ROBBIE
(reluctant)
Yes, mamma.

MAMIE
Then - then you can't go back up to the woods...with the rough men - the wild animals prowlin' -

ROBBIE
But you depend on me.

MAMIE
(staring off)
I sent your father to the woods, and the woods sent him back to me, a cripple.
(turning on Robbie; with passion)
You're not going back up there, you hear? Not so long as I'm alive!

The children stare at their mother as she starts toward the bedroom. At the door she turns.

MAMIE (cont'd)
Jimmie, did you replenish the yeast - like I told you?

JIMMIE
(cowed)
Yes, mamma.

MAMIE
I'm goin' to lie down for a short.

She exits. The children stare after her.

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

KIRK
Is Mamma sick or something?

DISSOLVE TO

96 INT. THE CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Jimmie and Kirk are asleep in one double bed, Annabelle and Elizabeth in a three-quarter bed, and Jane in the cradle. Robbie is on the cot, and as CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO CLOSE SHOT, we find that he is awake. Directly there is a distant SOUND. It could be a MOAN. Robbie sits up in bed. The SOUND comes again. Quietly he gets up, lights a candle with a long sulphur match, and tiptoes with it from the room. (He wears a long nightgown).

97 INT. MAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

She rolls from side to side in discomfort, MOANING slightly. Robbie enters, peers down at her anxiously. He approaches the bed, looks down at her face and, in the candlelight, can see that it is covered with sweat. Her eyes are wild. He starts to back away from her. As he does so, Mamie seems to fix her eyes on a dark corner of the room.

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

KIRK
Is Mamma sick or something?

DISSOLVE TO

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97 INT. MAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

She rolls from side to side in discomfort, MOANING slightly. Robbie enters, peers down at her anxiously.

ROBBIE
(tentatively)
Mamma?

MAMMA
Go to bed, Robbie.

He approaches the bed, looks down at her face and, in the candlelight, can see that it is covered with sweat. Her eyes are wild.

ROBBIE
I better go get Dr. Delbert.

MAMIE
No! No!

ROBBIE
But you're sick.

MAMIE
I still owe him for Kirk - and your father - and you're not to call him out just because mama's a little tired.

He starts to back away from her. As he does so, Mamie seems to fix her eyes on a dark corner of the room.

(CONTINUED)

97 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
(in muffled delirium)
I tell you, sister Annabelle, I shall not wed with Gower MacDermott. Mark my word, Robert will come back.

Robbie stares, terrified, then turns and exits.

WIPE TO

98A LONG SHOT - EUREKA STREET - NIGHT

98 EXT. LONG SHOT - DR. DELBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A gentle snow is falling. Robbie runs into scene, opens the gate, and hurries to the house itself. He wears boots and stocking cap, but his mackinaw does not conceal his nightgown. He knocks on the door, then steps back, looks up to the second floor, calls --

ROBBIE
Dr. Delbert. Dr. Delbert.

After a moment a faint glow appears at a window on the second floor.

ROBBIE
It's mama. Could you come right away?

DISSOLVE TO

99 INT. THE EUNSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Robbie, in his nightgown with the boots still showing under it, and Jimmie, barefooted, shivering, also in his nightgown, stand watching the door to the hall. Directly Dr. Delbert enters, closes the door carefully behind him.

DR. DELBERT
Your mama is a sick woman. A very sick woman. I don't want to frighten you, but -

ROBBIE
You mean - she might not get well?

DR. DELBERT
Well - it's typhoid.

JIMMIE
Typhoid fever?

DR. DELBERT
(nods)
And your mother's not as strong as she was. You'd better get Mrs. Pugmire to take over.

(CONTINUED)

97 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE
(in muffled delirium)
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WIPE TO:

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Well - it's typhoid.

JIMMIE
Typhoid <u>fever</u>?

DR. DELBERT
(nods)
And your mother's not as strong as she was. You'd better get Mrs. Pugmire to take over.

(CONTINUED)

99 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
She's down to Oshkosh visiting her daughter until after New Year's.

DR. DELBERT
You ought to have somebody.

ROBBIE
We'll get along. I'll stay home from school.

DR. DELBERT
Your mamma probably won't like that but -
(shrugs)
Mrs. Delbert will look in on you every little while.
(opens the outside door)
And one of you boys come a-runnin' if there's any change.

They nod, dumbly. Dr. Delbert exits. This is a frightening moment, with no adult to turn to. Finally.

ROBBIE
What're you standin' around for? Get to bed!

JIMMIE
Aw! You're not the boss around here.

Nevertheless Jimmie wanders off, into the bedroom, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

100 EXT. THE EUNSON CABIN - DAY

A bright sun shines. Robbie is shoveling snow from the path. His three sisters, bundled to the ears, play in the snow. Annabelle, with a piece of charcoal, is putting eyes in a snowman. Satisfied, she pulls something out of her coat. It is Robert's old, faded tam o'shanter. She sets it on the snowman's head.

ANNABELLE
Robbie, don't he look like a Scotchman?

Robbie, preoccupied, scarcely bothers to look her way. Lela Delbert, carrying a crock, hurries up the path.

LELA DELBERT
How's your mother, dear?

(CONTINUED)

100 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
I guess she's better. She's sittin' up, sewing.

LELA DELBERT
Sewing?

She hurries on to the house.

WIPE TO

101 INT. MAMIE'S ROOM - DAY

Mamie is sitting up in bed, her eyes feverish. She is sewing on something quite extraordinary. It might be checked tablecloths and striped rags. Lela Delbert stands looking at her with concern.

LELA DELBERT
Mamie Jamison Eunson, what do you think you're doing?

MAMIE
Making the costumes for Jimmie and Kirk for the Christmas pantomime.

LELA DELBERT
Can't you get it through your head you're sick? I'll finish the costumes.

MAMIE
Lela, don't deny me the pleasure. I'm proud my boys were selected for the three wise men.

LELA DELBERT
(gentler)
Oh, Mamie, you shouldn't concern yourself with these things now.

MAMIE
And why not?...

This Lela Delbert cannot answer.

MAMIE (cont'd)
Who's going to be the first wise man?

LELA DELBERT
Howie Tyler, I think.

MAMIE
Tell Katie her boy can wear the costume I made for Robbie.

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

LELA DELBERT
All right.

MAMIE
You'll tell her, won't you?

LELA DELBERT
Yes. I'll tell her. Now you must be quiet.

MAMIE
Do you suppose I'll be well enough to be there?

LELA DELBERT
(starting for the door; evasively)
I brought you some broth. It's warming up....

She exits. Mamie does not seem aware that she is gone, or perhaps she is only talking to herself.

MAMIE
(wistfully)
Oh, I do wish I could be there...

CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT of Mamie, holds a long moment, then

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

102A INT. SCHOOL - ACROSS AUDIENCE TO STAGE - DAY

102 INT. THE SCHOOL HOUSE - DAY

Behind an improvised curtain of bed sheets is set up a home made kresh. Mr. Stephens, helped by Mrs. Stephens, is trying to bring some order out of the pre-production chaos. Howie Tyler, Jimmie and Kirk are in their Wise-Men costumes. "Mary," one of the older Raiden girls, is arguing with Bruce Tyler who is "Joseph" in a corn silk beard. The Raiden twins, who are merely in party dresses since they are not part of the pantomime are, as usual, harrassing Jimmie.

FIRST TWIN
Oh, Jimmie, you look so cute in your costume.

JIMMIE
Aw, shut up!

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

LELA DELBERT
All right.

MAMIE
You'll tell her, won't you?

LELA DELBERT
Yes. I'll tell her. Now you must be quiet.

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LELA DELBERT
(starting for the door; evasively)
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FIRST TWIN
Oh, Jimmie, you look so cute in your costume.

JIMMIE
Aw, shut up!

(CONTINUED)

102 (CONTINUED)

SECOND TWIN
We think you're the prettiest wise man of all.

JIMMIE
(wanting to throw up)
Ugh!

HOWIE TYLER
Where's my frankincense?

Mrs. Stephens brings out three crocks marked, "Frankincense," "Gold," "Myrrh," and starts distributing them to the wise men.

MRS. STEPHENS
Right here, children.

MR. STEPHENS
Now you girls go out and sit with your mother. It is time for the pantomime to commence!

He claps his hands, as we

WIPE TO:

103 INT. THE EUNSON KITCHEN - DAY

Annabelle is buttoning Elizabeth's pants. Jane toddling about aimlessly as Robbie enters staggering under an armload of wood. He drops it beside the fireplace.

ROBBIE
Annie, did you put the buckwheat in the yeast, like I told you?

ANNABELLE
Lizzie had to go, and she made me forget.

Robbie picks up the yeast, carries it to the cupboard, and is opening the bag of buckwheat when

MAMIE'S VOICE (o.s.)

Rob...Rob...

Robbie puts down the yeast, hurries off toward hallway.

104 INT. MAMIE'S ROOM - DAY

As Robbie enters. Mamie lies flat in bed, her eyes wide open. She is shivering. Robbie, in his mackinaw, takes Mamie's beaver coat from a coat tree, lays it over her.

MAMIE
Rob? Is that you, Rob?

ROBBIE
No, Mamma. It's me. Robbie.

MAMIE
Where are the children?

ROBBIE
Jimmie and Kirk are bein' wise men.

MAMIE
(weakly, but with urgency)
I want to see them. I've got to see them. I've got to see them all.

ROBBIE
Now, Mamma?

MAMIE
Yes. Now. Hurry.

DISSOLVE TO:

105 INT. THE SCHOOL ROOM - DAY

Over the heads of the mothers the Christmas pantomime is ending. Three "Wise Men," - Jimmie, Kirk, and Howie Tyler, are presenting their gifts - labelled "Frankinscense," "Myrrh," "Gold" to the infant Jesus, a rag doll in the arms of "Mary" whose halo is awry. "Joseph," looks on nervously. Now, from behind camera, Annabelle makes her entrance, tiptoes to spot her brothers over the shoulders and heads of the audience, as the improvised curtains are pulled together by the teacher, Mr. Stephens. There is applause, and now Annabelle squeezes forward toward the stage as the curtains jerk together.

106 ANOTHER ANGLE - BACKSTAGE - DAY

As the children relax and break from their tableau. At the same instant Annabelle's head appears between the curtains.

(CONTINUED)

106 (CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE
Jimmie - Kirk. Robbie says come home quick. It's mamma.

The two boys stare at her only a second, then break and run grabbing Annabelle as they go.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 INT. MAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

For a moment we see only Mamie lying quite still in bed. Robbie enters with Jane in his arms. Then come Jimmie and Kirk, (in their Wise Men costumes), Annabelle and Elizabeth. Lined up beside the bed, they stand nervously.

ROBBIE
Mamma...We're all here.

She opens her eyes. They move from one to the other.

MAMIE
(with a faint smile)
Jeemes...Kirk...Annabelle... Lizzie. Aw, how nice of all my brothers and sisters to come to see me....Such a long way from Fair Isle....But Kirk - you haven't written. You could, you know. I can read now...

The children look at each other bewildered. Annabelle covers her eyes with her hands, then peers through the fingers at her mother. The boys turn to Robbie.

ROBBIE
(roughly)
Well, you're all named for her family. Now go on, get out. Mamma don't want to be bothered.

Robbie holds the door open, sets down Jane, and all the children troop out silently. Robbie starts to follow but is stopped by Mamie's voice.

(CONTINUED)

107 (CONTINUED)

MAMIE

Robbie.

ROBBIE

Yes, Mamma?

MAMIE

Come here.

He goes to her, sits on the bed. Mamie, having a chill, pulls the beaver coat higher.

MAMIE (cont'd)

I'm flighty.

ROBBIE

Not now, you're not.

MAMIE

I know they're my children...
And they're bonnie, aren't they?

ROBBIE

Yes, Mamma.

MAMIE

Anybody would want them.

ROBBIE

What are you talkin' about?

MAMIE

You'll be head of the family.
Our friends are kind and mean
well...But you know what your
brothers and sisters are like.
So I want you to decide where
they're to be offered.

ROBBIE

Don't talk like that, Mamma.

MAMIE

Place them with families that
have children of their own. Then
they won't get so lonesome for
each other.

Robbie cannot speak, but nods his assent.

MAMIE (cont'd)

Robbie....Find a good place for
yoursel' too. Promise?

(CONTINUED)

107 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
(wretchedly)
I'll get along all right, Mamma.
Don't you go worryin' about me....

Mamie smiles. Her eyes close and she lets go his hand. Once more she begins to mumble incoherently. Robbie looks at her in growing terror and emotion, then stumbles from the room.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

108 EXT. THE EUREKA METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

The bell tolls mournfully against a grey winter sky. A path in the snow leads to the steps...A few horses, hitched to sleighs, are tied to posts along the road. The door opens and mourners begin to file out. Some few leave, but most group themselves about. At the foot of the steps are Dr. and Lela Delbert, Celia and Harry Bradley. Dutch Fischer and his wife, as big and German as he, exit, bow to the Delberts and the Bradleys, who return the bow somewhat formally.

109 MED. CLOSE -

to include the Delberts and the Bradleys. Celia Bradley is dabbing at her eyes.

CELIA BRADLEY
Poor little tykes. Poor little motherless younguns.

Through the door come the six Eunson children, all dressed in their best. The boys help the little girls down the steps and they start off, when

DR. DELBERT
Robbie, we'd like to speak to you and Jimmie.

ROBBIE
(to Kirk)
You take 'em home.

Kirk leads the three girls away.

LELA DELBERT
Was everything the way you boys wanted it?

ROBBIE
Yes, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)

CELIA BRADLEY
You children all looked so nice.

LELA DELBERT
And conducted yourselves so well.

JIMMIE
Thank you, ma'am.

There is an uncomfortable silence. Mrs. Runyon, in fashionable black, officiously barges up to the group.

MRS. RUNYON
Well, Dr. Delbert, what are we going to do about these orphans?

The Delberts and the Bradleys cringe at this cruel word.

HARRY BRADLEY
Mrs. Runyon, have you no ---

MRS. RUNYON
I suggest you call a meeting of the council. And the sooner the better, Dr. Delbert.

DR. DELBERT
(with authority)
Mrs. Runyon, there's a time and place. This --
(with a nod at the children)
--- is neither one.

She flounces off. However, the unfortunate subject has been brought up, and cannot be totally avoided. Dr. Delbert puts his hand on Robbie's shoulder.

DR. DELBERT (cont'd)
She shouldn't have said that - right now --
(with a look at the church)
-- but of course we <u>are</u> going to have to find homes for you.

JIMMIE
<u>Homes</u>?

CELIA BRADLEY
(kindly)
I'm afraid we can't expect any one family to take all of you.

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)

LELA DELBERT
Six is a lot.

ROBBIE
You all mean to be kind, I guess, but Mamma said I was to decide where we were to go.

DR. DELBERT
You, Robbie?

ROBBIE
Yes, sir. I'm - I'm the head of the family now.

CELIA BRADLEY
But - but you're only twelve.

LELA DELBERT
I'll tell you what, Robbie. Come see us this afternoon. Maybe by then we'll have a plan.

ROBBIE
But tomorrow's Christmas. Can't us kids stay together for Christmas?

HARRY BRADLEY
Well I don't know. You children alone in that house?

ROBBIE
It'll probably be our last chance to be together on Christmas. So couldn't we make up our minds - day after tomorrow?

The adults glance from one to the other.

JIMMIE
That's not too much to ask, is it?

DR. DELBERT
(after a pause)
No, Jimmie. I don't think it is.

Robbie, having won a point, takes Jimmie by the arm and indicates that now is the time to go. They walk off together, Robbie's red plaid mackinaw the only color in the otherwise black and white scene.

DISSOLVE TO

110 EXT. THE EUNSON HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. LONG

The house stands in the snow snug and warm. Candlelight glows from the window, and smoke curls from the chimney. The snowman with the tam on his head stands guard.

111 INT. THE EUNSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Seated at the kitchen table is Kirk, who has fallen asleep, his head resting on his arms. Looking down at him is Jimmie. Robbie kneels in front of the fire, adjusting the logs with a poker.

JIMMIE
(whispering)
Kirk's asleep.

Robbie rises to his feet, looks at Kirk to make sure.

ROBBIE
(whispering)
All right. Get Annabelle's slate.

JIMMIE
What for?

ROBBIE
Ssh. Just go get it.

Jimmie shrugs, exits into the hall toward the bedrooms.

112 INT. THE CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Jimmie enters and crosses to the three-quarter bed in which now Annabelle, Jane and Elizabeth are all asleep. Beside Annabelle lies her slate. Jimmie carefully takes it from under her arm and exits.

113 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Jimmie returns. Robbie is seated at the opposite end of the table from Kirk. Jimmie hands him the slate.

JIMMIE
Whatcha goin' to do?

ROBBIE
Make a list of families that like kids.

Jimmie sits down near Robbie, who takes the chalk which hangs from the slate and begins to ponder.

(CONTINUED)

113 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE (cont'd)
What about the Tylers? They're well fixed, with the livery stable and all.

JIMMIE
The Tylers? Who for?

ROBBIE
Annabelle. All they've got's Howie and Bruce. They might like a girl to help Mrs. Tyler.

JIMMIE
(considers this)
Well, maybe, but it don't cut no ice what we think.

ROBBIE
Mamma said I was to decide. And if I don't quick we'll end up in the State Home orphans.

JIMMIE
Isn't that what we are?

ROBBIE
(fiercely)
No, and we never will be.

JIMMIE
But they won't let you decide.

ROBBIE
Not if I wait till day after tomorrow. And tomorrow's the best day for me to do what Mamma told me to.

Kirk stirs. Robbie and Jimmie stare at him guiltily, wait for him to quiet down again. Then -

JIMMIE
But tomorrow's Christmas.

ROBBIE
That's just it. On Christmas we ought to get just about anybody we want to take any of us in.

DISSOLVE TO

114 INT. TYLER DINING ROOM - DAY

CAMERA DISSOLVES IN ON CLOSE SHOT of the steaming turkey, PULLS BACK to reveal all the fixings for a Christmas dinner, and the Tylers with their two sons, Howie and

(CONTINUED)

113 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE (cont'd)
What about the Tylers? They're well fixed, with the livery stable and all.

JIMMIE
The Tylers? Who for?

ROBBIE
Annabelle. All they've got's Howie and Bruce. They might like a girl to help Mrs. Tyler.

JIMMIE
(considers this)
Well, maybe, but it don't cut no ice what we think.

ROBBIE
Mamma said I was to decide.

JIMMIE
Fat chance.

ROBBIE
Yeah. If I wait till day after tomorrow.

JIMMIE
You figurin' to do something you got no business doin'?

ROBBIE
(fiercely)
But Mamma told me to. And tomorrow's the only day I can.

Kirk stirs. Robbie and Jimmie stare at him guiltily, wait for him to quiet down again. Then -

JIMMIE
But tomorrow's Christmas.

ROBBIE
That's just it. On Christmas we ought to get just about anybody we want to take any of us in.

DISSOLVE TO

114 INT. TYLER DINING ROOM - DAY

CAMERA DISSOLVES IN ON CLOSE SHOT of the steaming turkey, PULLS BACK to reveal all the fixings for a Christmas dinner, and the Tylers with their two sons, Howie and

(CONTINUED)

114 (CONTINUED)

Bruce. The boys steal hungry glances at the turkey as Howard speaks Grace.

HOWARD TYLER
For what we are about to receive this Christmas day, may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen.

HOWIE
Papa, I want the drumstick. Remember?

HOWARD TYLER
(with good humor)
Now, just hold your horses or you'll get the part that went over the fence last.

The boys settle back reluctantly to watch Howard carve.

KATIE TYLER
I feel so bad about the Eunson children.

HOWARD TYLER
They're probably having Christmas dinner with the Delberts, or the Bradleys.

KATIE TYLER
We should have made sure.

We hear the sound of a TIMID KNOCK on the door.

HOWARD TYLER
Now who could that be? Folks should be home enjoying their victuals this time of day.

Katie Tyler rises and exits. Howard goes on carving.

HOWIE
(irrelevantly)
Papa, what's frankincense?

HOWARD TYLER
It's what one of the wise men took to the baby Jesus.

HOWIE
I know that. I took it to him. But what <u>is</u> it?

HOWARD TYLER
Well, it's a - it's a sort of a - oh, well, ask your mother.

(CONTINUED)

114 (CONTINUED)

Katie reenters with Robbie and Annabelle. Both of them look scrubbed. Annabelle is carrying her slate and a bulky bundle.

KATIE TYLER
Look who I found. Robbie Eunson.

ROBBIE
And Annabelle.

HOWARD TYLER
(rising)
You'll have Christmas dinner with us. And don't argue. We won't take No, will we Katie?

KATIE TYLER
We certainly will not.

ROBBIE
Begging your pardon, Mrs. Tyler, but I was wondering - that is, Jimmie and I was - if you didn't need a - well - a sort of sister for Howie and Bruce,

ANNABELLE
I'm <u>your</u> sister, Robbie.

ROBBIE
I know you are, Annie, but - you could be their sister too.
(to Katie Tyler)
Annabelle here's a good little girl, and she'd be an awful help to you. She's - that is she <u>was</u> - learning to sew and she can wipe dishes and she knows her ABC's.

ANNABELLE
(automatically)
a-b-c-d...

HOWIE
What you got in that bundle?

ANNABELLE
e-f-g...
(to Howie, primly)
My clothes, silly. What'd you think?.... e-f-g-h...

KATIE TYLER
Howard. It's Christmas.

HOWARD TYLER
I know, Katie, but -

ANNABELLE
i-j-k...

ANNABELLE (cont'd
l-m-n-o...

(CONTINUED)

114 (CONTINUED)

Katie reenters with Robbie and Annabelle. Both of them look scrubbed. Annabells is carrying her slate and a bulky bundle.

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ROBBIE
And Annabelle.

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ANNABELLE
(automatically)
a-b-c-d-e-f-g-h...

HOWIE
What you got in that bundle?

ANNABELLE
I-j-k-l
(to Howie, primly)
My clothes, silly. What'd you think?....M-n-o-p-

KATIE TYLER
Howard. It's Christmas.

HOWARD TYLER
I know, Katie, but -

(CONTINUED)

114 (CONTINUED)

KATIE TYLER
We've always wanted a girl.

ANNABELLE
p-q-r-s-t...

ROBBIE
Mamma always said Annabelle was a mighty good helper.

Emotionally Howard kisses Katie. When he lets her go, she turns away and blows her nose. Howard squats beside Annabelle and starts removing her coat.

HOWARD TYLER
Do you think you'll like living at our house?

ANNABELLE
I don't know, Mr. Tyler.

ROBBIE
Sure, Mr. Tyler. She'll like it a lot. She likes anybody that's good to her.

HOWARD
We'll be good to her, Robbie. I guess you and I know each other.

ROBBIE
I know you, Mr. Tyler.

Annabelle whisks off her stocking cap and stands looking up at her new father and mother.

HOWARD
(with wonder)
For what we have just received, may the Lord make us truly thankful.

DISSOLVE TO

115 EXT. LONG SHOT OF A HOUSE WE HAVE NOT SEEN BEFORE - DAY

Icicles hang from the eaves, and no smoke is coming from the chimney. We see Jimmie BANGING on the door. Behind him, seated on the sled is Elizabeth. Jimmie looks back at the little girl uneasily, goes to one of the windows, peers in, then gives up and pulls the sled away.

DISSOLVE TO

114 (CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE
Q-r-s-t-u-

KATIE TYLER
It's not Christmas unless you're given one present you didn't ask for.

ROBBIE
Mamma always said Annabelle was a mighty good helper.

KATIE TYLER
(to Howard)
We've always wanted a girl....

Emotionally Howard kisses Katie. When he lets her go, she turns away and blows her nose. Howard squats beside Annabelle and starts removing her coat.

HOWARD TYLER
Do you think you'll like living at our house?

Annabelle does not answer. She is removing her mittens.

ROBBIE
Sure, Mr. Tyler. She'll like it a lot. She likes anybody that's good to her.

HOWARD
We'll be good to her, Robbie. I guess you and I know each other.

ROBBIE
I know you. Mr, Tyler.

Annabelle whisks off her stocking cap and stands looking up at her new father and mother.

HOWARD
(with wonder)
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DISSOLVE TO

116 EXT. DR. DELBERT'S HOUSE - DAY

Smoke pours from this chimney, and the path from wicket gate to front door is cleared of snow. Directly, Robbie, having a bit of a struggle, leads the cow by her halter to the gate where he ties her and goes on up to the house, KNOCKS. After a moment, Dr. Delbert opens the door.

DR. DELBERT
Why, Robbie. Come on in. We were just talking about you.

ROBBIE
Well, no - thanks just the same. I just brought you ole Molly.

DR. DELBERT
Old Molly?

ROBBIE
Yes, sir. The cow.

DR. DELBERT
I don't quite understand, Robbie. Why would you bring me your cow?

ROBBIE
To pay the debt. You know - for Kirk, and - and papa - and mamma.

DR. DELBERT
(controlling his emotion)
That isn't your debt, boy.

ROBBIE
(stubbornly)
Mamma'd want me to pay. I'd be much obliged if you'd take old Molly.

Dr. Delbert must turn away for a moment. Then - Mrs. Delbert comes to door.

DR. DELBERT
Robbie...Mrs. Delbert and I would be happy to take one of you children.

ROBBIE
Well, Dr. Delbert, I appreciate it and all that, but with both your girls married, and Millie with a baby an' all...

MRS. DELBERT
(not offended)
Yes. That makes us grandparents, doesn't it? Too late to start another family. Is that it?

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ROBBIE
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DR. DELBERT
Old Molly?

ROBBIE
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ROBBIE
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DR. DELBERT
(not offended)
Yes. That makes us grandparents, doesn't it? Too late to start another family. Is that it?

(CONTINUED)

116 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
Well - gee - well, you know Mamma and Papa thought the world of you both, but -

DR. DELBERT
You've got a head on your shoulders. Place the children where you think it's fit. I'll back you up.

ROBBIE
And you'll take old Molly?

DR. DELBERT
I'll take old Molly.

Robbie turns and walks away, down the path, as Dr. Delbert looks after him in admiration.

DISSOLVE TO

117 EXT. MAIN STREET - EUREKA - DAY

Jimmie, hauling Elizabeth on the sled, meets Robbie coming from the opposite direction directly in front of Dutch Fischer's saloon. It is closed on Christmas Day, and a wreath decorates the window.

ROBBIE
What's the matter? Wouldn't the Potters take her?

JIMMIE
They weren't to home.

ROBBIE
Gee, I thought folks would be home Christmas.

JIMMIE
What'll we do? We can't keep her out much longer. She's gettin' blue.

Elizabeth whimpers. Jimmie looks desperately about, notices the saloon.

JIMMIE (cont'd)
There's Fischers'.
(points)
Right up there.

ROBBIE
I'm surprised at you, James Eunson. You know how Mama felt about saloons.

Elizabeth continues to whimper. Jimmie stoops, bundles her up tighter.

(CONTINUED)

116 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
Well - gee - well, you know Mamma and Papa thought the world of you and Mrs. Delbert, but -

DR. DELBERT
You've got a head on your shoulders. Place the children where you think it's fit. I'll back you up.

ROBBIE
And you'll take old Molly?

DR. DELBERT
I'll take old Molly.

Robbie turns and walks away, down the path, as Dr. Delbert looks after him in admiration.

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ROBBIE
What's the matter? Wouldn't the Potters take her?

JIMMIE
They weren't to home - and after I hauled her clear down the river, half-way to Delhi, seemed like.
(pronounced Del-high)

ROBBIE
Gee, I thought folks would be home Christmas.

JIMMIE
We can't keep her out much longer. She's gettin' blue.

Elizabeth whimpers. Jimmie looks desperately about, notices the saloon.

JIMMIE (cont'd)
There's Fischers'.
(points)
Right up there.

(CONTINUED)

117 (CONTINUED)

JIMMIE
You hush, Lizzie. We're doin' everything we can to get rid of you.

From the distance we hear the faint SOUND of SLEIGHBELLS. Both boys look off.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE - A HORSE AND CUTTER COMING ALONG AT A TROT

Driving the cutter is Mr. Stephens in a fur coat. Beside him is his wife.

119 BACK TO SCENE - ROBBIE AND JIMMIE

They turn to each other conspiratorially.

JIMMIE
Whadya think?

ROBBIE
But the Stephens don't have no kids of their own.

JIMMIE
Yeah, but you know how mamma favored book learnin'.

ROBBIE
But what if Lizzie grew up to be a schoolteacher?

JIMMIE
(looking at her)
Well, right now she's homely enough.

The sound of the SLEIGHBELLS is louder and louder.

ROBBIE
Well, maybe it's the best we can do.

Robbie walks away and Jimmie kneels down and says:

JIMMIE
Now you be a good girl, Lizzie.

But the cutter is upon them before they have thought on it, and Mr. Stephens pulls the horse to a stop.

MR. STEPHENS
Robert, Mrs. Stephens and I have been at your house.

MRS. STEPHENS
We thought there might be something we could do.

(CONTINUED)

117 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
I'm surprised at you, James Eunson. You know how Mamma felt about saloons.

Elizabeth continues to whimper. Jimmie stoops, bundles her up tighter.

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You hush, Lizzie. We're doin' everything we can to get rid of you.

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But what if Lizzie grew up to be a schoolteacher?

JIMMIE
(looking at her)
Well, right now she's homely enough.

The sound of the SLEIGHBELLS is louder and louder.

ROBBIE
We better think on it fast.

But the cutter is upon them before they have thought on it, and Mr. Stephens pulls the horse to a stop.

MR. STEPHENS
Robert, Mrs. Stephens and I have been at your house.

MRS. STEPHENS
We thought there might be something we could do.

(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
(quick decision)
You did? Well, there is, if - well - I mean -

MR. STEPHENS
I'm not quite the ogre you think me in the classroom. Speak up.

ROBBIE
Well - I thought maybe you and Mrs. Stephens might like to take Elizabeth.
(points)
That's her.

MR. STEPHENS
That is she.

MRS. STEPHENS
Take her?

ROBBIE
Well, sort of adopt her. She doesn't look very pretty right now but you'll learn to like her. Mamma and Papa did. Mamma never had any favorites, but if she had, I guess Elizabeth would have been the one.

JIMMIE
(sotto voce)
She wasn't her favorite.

ROBBIE
Shhhh!

The Stephens react to Robbie's cover-up.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephens stare at Elizabeth, then turn to each other.

MR. STEPHENS
(quietly)
You wouldn't care to shoulder this responsibility, would you, Grace?

MRS. STEPHENS
Wouldn't I just!

She jumps down out of the cutter, holds out her arms to Elizabeth. Both boys are afraid of Elizabeth's reaction. She sits perfectly still, but has stopped wailing.

(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
(quick decision)
You did? Well, there is, if - well - I mean -

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I'm not quite the ogre you think me in the classroom. Speak up.

ROBBIE
Well - I thought maybe you and Mrs. Stephens might like to take Elizabeth.
(points)
That's her.

MR. STEPHENS
That is she.

MRS. STEPHENS
Take her?

ROBBIE
(selling)
She's kinda shy, and it may take her a while to warm up to you, but -

JIMMIE
Leastways she's quiet.

Elizabeth begins to wail again. Jimmie frowns.

JIMMIE (cont'd)
Well - she gener'ly is.

ROBBIE
Mamma never had no favorites, but if she did I guess Elizabeth would have been it.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephens stare at Elizabeth, then turn to each other.

MR. STEPHENS
(quietly)
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(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
Go on, Lizzie, Mrs. Stephens won't bite you.

The child makes no move.

JIMMIE
(to Mrs. Stephens)
Lizzie likes to get her own way, but don't take no nonsense off'n her.

To their amazement Elizabeth puts out her arms to Mrs. Stephens, who lifts the child in delight, holds her up to her husband for inspection.

MRS. STEPHENS
Look, Frank, Her eyes are like yours.

Mr. Stephens stares at the child with approval. She hands Elizabeth up to her husband, then climbs in beside him.

MRS. STEPHENS (cont'd)
You boys come to see us whenever you can.

ROBBIE
(as Mr. Stephens clucks to the horse)
Yes, ma'am.

He looks down at the empty sled as the cutter disappears.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
Her eyes aren't like that old school teacher's.

JIMMIE
Of course not. They're like Papa's.

(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
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The child makes no move.

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ROBBIE
(as Mr. Stephens clucks to the horse)
Yes, ma'am.

He looks down at the empty sled as the cutter disappears.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
Her eyes aren't like that old school teacher's.

JIMMIE
And she's not mamma's favorite. Kirk is.

ROBBIE
I just said that.

JIMMIE
That's - that's hyp - hypocrisy. You know how Papa and the Great Scot Bobbie Burns felt about hypocrisy.

ROBBIE
(amazed)
Did you see the way she put out her arms - to a perfect stranger?

(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
(puzzled, looks after cutter)
She didn't even wave Goodbye.

JIMMIE
Kids forget awful fast.

ROBBIE
(kicking at snow)
Yeah.

The two boys turn and, pulling the empty sled after them, trudge off down the street.

DISSOLVE TO

120 EXT. EUNSON CABIN - DAY

Kirk paces anxiously. When he sees Robbie and Jimmie coming with the sled he runs to meet them.

KIRK
(excited)
Mrs. Runyon's inside. Says she's going to take Jane.

JIMMIE
Not ole Runyon!

KIRK
Says it's her Christian Duty. She's putting her things on. What're we going to do?

JIMMIE
(to Robbie)
Tell ole Runyon she's already promised to the Ellises.

ROBBIE
She knows 'em. She'd ask 'em.

JIMMIE
Well - what're you going to do, Robbie?

(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED)

JIMMIE
(disgusted)
Yeah, after us tellin' 'em she was shy.

ROBBIE
(puzzled)
She used to be....
(looks after cutter)
She didn't even wave Goodbye.

JIMMIE
Kids forget awful fast.

ROBBIE
(kicking at snow)
I guess that's a good thing...

The two boys turn and, pulling the empty sled after them, trudge off down the street.

DISSOLVE TO

120 EXT. EUNSON CABIN - DAY

Kirk paces anxiously. When he sees Robbie and Jimmie coming with the sled he runs to meet them.

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(excited)
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Not ole Runyon!

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Says it's her Christian Duty. She's putting her things on. What're we going to do?

JIMMIE
(to Robbie)
Tell ole Runyon she's already promised to the Ellises.

ROBBIE
She knows 'em. She'd ask 'em.

JIMMIE
Well - what're you going to do, Robbie?

(CONTINUED)

120 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
I don't know...Something.

By now they are at the front door. They enter.

121 INT. THE EUNSON KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is in a mess, with unwashed dishes, etc. As the boys enter from outside, Mrs. Runyon with Jane in her arms, comes from the inner hall.

ROBBIE
You can't have Jane, Mrs. Runyon. She's promised.

MRS. RUNYON
She is? To whom?

ROBBIE
You don't know 'em.

MRS. RUNYON
I know everybody in Eureka.

ROBBIE
Well - you see, Mrs. Runyon, these folks - ah - er - don't live in Eureka. They -- they're --

JIMMIE
(coming to the rescue)
Up to Berlin?

ROBBIE
(relieved)
That's right. Up to Berlin.

MRS. RUNYON
I think you're prevaricating.

ROBBIE
Begging your pardon, Mrs. Runyon, but I don't care what you think. Mamma told me to do what I'm doing.

MRS. RUNYON
That's ridiculous. I'll go straight to Dr. Delbert.

ROBBIE
It won't do you no good -
(as an afterthought)
- Ma'am. Dr. Delbert said I could do it and he'd back me up.

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

MRS. RUNYON
I'll see about this! I'll call an emergency meeting of the council myself. Right now.
(puts Jane on the table)
Dr. Delbert must be senile!
(starts for the door, opens it)
I'll be back within an hour.

Jimmie and Kirk turn to Robbie for his decision. She exits.

ROBBIE
You take Kirk over to - to Mr. and Mrs. Cramer.

JIMMIE
But we had the Gustaffsons wrote down for Kirk.

ROBBIE
Yeah, but they live way up country. And we only got an hour.

JIMMIE
What's that got to do with the price of eggs?

ROBBIE
Don't you see? I can't start off with Janie until we get Kirk placed.

Kirk glances from one to the other forlornly.

JIMMIE
The Cramers - they don't have no kids neither.

ROBBIE
But Mrs. Cramer's got the only real pie-ano in town. Tell her Kirk can fiddle pretty good.

KIRK
(beginning to cry)
I don't want to go. I want to stay with you.

ROBBIE
You can't, Kirk. Nobody's going to stay here no more.

Robbie looks about, sees the little fiddle hanging on the wall. He grabs it, thrusts it roughly into Kirk's hands.

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

KIRK
But I don't wanna go.

ROBBIE
Get a move on! And don't be a cry baby.

KIRK
(crying)
I don't want to go, Robbie.

ROBBIE
Who do you think you are? Annie didn't cry. Even Lizzie didn't cry. You're eight years old, Kirk. Don't you cause no trouble. Stand on your own two feet!

He shoves Kirk away from him and pushes him outside.

121A EXT. CABIN - DAY - SNOW

Jimmie takes Kirk by the hand and leads him out the door. Robbie stands on the porch for a long moment. The weight of what he is doing is almost too heavy and he is on the verge of breaking. He sees the snow man melting. He crosses to it, takes the tam off and, as he crosses back, he sees the tree with the names carved on it. He breaks down. Then he pulls himself together, goes back into the house.

121B INT. CABIN - DAY

He looks about the room, spots the pot of yeast where he left it days ago. He goes to it, smells it, takes it to the sink, dumps it, and (after priming the pump) washes it down the drain. Then he draws a bucket of water, takes it to the fireplace, pours it on the fire. He stares down at the hissing steam and faintly (superimposed, of course) he hears the SOUNDS of his memories - popping corn - children's voices in a babble from which Annabelle's little voice comes clear saying, "Oh, Robbie, weren't you scared?"....Robert's voice saying, "Everything will look different tomorrow when the sun comes up."...Mamie's voice as she learned to read - "He found a little babe on the steps... He held it to the fire until it was warm and then took it in his arms..." Robert's voice saying, "O Thou, who kindly dost provide for every creature's want. We bless thee, God of nature wide, for all thy goodness lent." Mamie's panic-stricken

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE (cont'd)
Get a move on!

KIRK
(crying)
I don't want to go, Robbie.

ROBBIE
Annie didn't cry. Even Lizzie didn't cry. You're eight years old, Kirk. Don't you cause no trouble. Stand on your own two feet!

He shoves Kirk away from him. Jimmie takes Kirk by the hand and leads him out the door. Robbie stands in the middle of the room for a long moment. The weight of what he is doing is almost too heavy and he is on the verge of breaking. However, he pulls himself together, looks about the room, spots the pot of yeast where he left it days ago. He goes to it, smells it, takes it to the sink, dumps it, and (after priming the pump) washes it down the drain. Then he draws a bucket of water, takes it to the fireplace, pours it on the fire. He stares down at the hissing steam and faintly (superimposed, of course) he hears the SOUNDS of his memories - popping corn - children's voices in a babble from which Annabelle's little voice comes clear saying, "Oh, Robbie, weren't you scared?"... Robert's voice saying, "Everything will look different tomorrow when the sun comes up."...Mamie's voice as she learned to read - "He found a little babe on the steps... He held it to the fire until it was warm and then took it in his arms..." Robert's voice saying, "O Thou, who kindly dost provide for every creature's want. We bless thee, God of nature wide, For all thy goodness lent." Mamie's panic-stricken voice crying out as she did when she discovered Robert was sick, "Robbie, Robbie." Then the voices cease, and from behind him comes an actual sound - Jane in her baby treble calling "Wobbie, Wobbie." He turns, goes to her, starts to shake her into her sweater, leggings and coat. As he does so -

ROBBIE
Gee, Janey, you'll soon be talkin' good.

Then he puts a big stocking cap on her head. It all but conceals her. The door opens with a bang and Jimmie rushes in, panting.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
Did the Cramers take Kirk?

(CONTINUED)

121B (CONTINUED)

voice crying out as she did when she discovered Robert was sick, "Robbie, Robbie." Then the voices cease, and from behind him comes an actual sound - Jane in her baby treble calling, "Robbie, Robbie." He turns, goes to her, starts to shake her into her sweater, leggings and coat. As he does so -

JANEY
Hello, Robbie.

Then he puts a big stocking cap on her head. It all but conceals her. The door opens with a bang and Jimmie rushes in, panting.

ROBBIE
Did the Cramers take Kirk?

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

Jimmie is too breathless yet to answer. He nods.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
You didn't see ole Runyon, did you?

Jimmie shakes his head.

JIMMIE
Whatcha going to do with Janey?

ROBBIE
Pull her up to Berlin.

JIMMIE
But I just said that. Berlin's ten miles - by the river.

ROBBIE
I'll bring our skates back to you - sometime.

JIMMIE
You stayin' up there?

ROBBIE
I'm going to work at Cullen's loggin' camp.

JIMMIE
And not go to school no more?

ROBBIE
Uh uh.

JIMMIE
(enviously)
Lucky.

Jimmie crosses to help Robbie pull on Jane's mittens.

JIMMIE (cont'd)
You can keep the skates. The skates and my sled for your red sled. Fair enough?

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

ROBBIE
Fair enough.
(after a moment)
You talked to the Raidens?

JIMMIE
I don't have to. They'll take me. Mrs. Raiden's always lallygaggin' how she wisht she had a boy like me.

ROBBIE
Well, she got her wish. Come on, Janey.

The boys take Jane's hands and lead her out the door.

122 EXT. THE EUNSON CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

As the boys come out of the house with Jane. They close the door carefully behind them. Two sleds stand at the foot of the steps and, nearby, the snowman with the tam set rakishly on one side of its head. Robbie lifts Jane onto one sled, tucks her beneath a blanket. Then he takes down his skates which hang beside the door. Their runners turn up to support tinkling bells. Robbie puts skates on the sled. Jimmie stands looking down at him.

ROBBIE
Better skedaddle, or first thing you know ole Runyon'll get you.

Jimmie does not move.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
(looking up at him)
You like 'em all right, don't you?

JIMMIE
Like who?

ROBBIE
The Raidens.

(CONTINUED)

122 (CONTINUED)

JIMMIE
I like 'em all right.

ROBBIE
Then what's eatin' ya?

JIMMIE
All those girls! I can just hear 'em.
(falsetto)
"This is our new brother, Jimmie. Ain't he cute?".

ROBBIE
(rising)
Well, ain't you?

Jimmie swings on him. Robbie, totally unprepared, falls. Jimmie goes to the ground with him. They tussle and grapple, and Robbie finally pins him to the ground.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
(panting)
Give up?

JIMMIE
Give up....Lemme go!

ROBBIE
Not till you say you're cute.

JIMMIE
(with disgust)
All right. I'm cute.

Both boys rise, brush off the snow, straighten their clothes. This is the moment they have dreaded, and they do not know what to do with it.

JIMMIE
(looking down at Jane)
Sorry I popped you, Robbie.

ROBBIE
(also staring at Jane)
I had it comin' to me. But you oughta watch your temper.

(CONTINUED)

122 (CONTINUED)

JIMMIE
Gee, I got a terrible temper.

They turn and stare at the house. After a moment -

JIMMIE (cont'd)
Goin' to sell it, Robbie?

ROBBIE
Not yet awhile.
(looks back at Jimmie)
You go first.

JIMMIE
Skate down once in a while?

ROBBIE
Sure. Every chance I get.
(begins to grin)
An' don't start wearin' dresses with all those girls around.

JIMMIE
You shut up!

Jimmie picks up the rope to the red sled and starts off. CAMERA HOLDS on him as he rounds the corner of the house. Just before he disappears from sight he turns to wave, then exits. Now CAMERA PANS TO spot where Robbie and Jane have been. They are gone. We see Robbie's footprints in the snow. CAMERA DOLLIES INTO CLOSE SHOT of the snowman with its jaunty tam.

DISSOLVE TO

123 INT. THE TYLER DINING ROOM - DAY. As seen through window. Annabelle and Mrs. Tyler are clearing the table of the Christmas dinner. Both are smiling as Annabelle, assuming her new responsibilities, stacks the dishes. Directly we see two mittened hands reach for the window sill and then the back of Robbie's head as he pulls himself up and looks in the window. Neither Annabelle nor Mrs. Tyler sees him and in a moment, his head disappears.

WIPE TO

124 EXT. THE RAIDEN FRONT DOOR - DAY

Jimmie reluctantly approaches. He raises his hand to knock and then pauses. A bachelor's freedom is something he relinquishes reluctantly. But what must be must be. He knocks. Almost instantly the door flies open and the twins stand there looking their astonishment and delight. Each one grabs an arm, pulls him into the house as the other three girls swarm around him and the door closes.

DISSOLVE TO

125 EXT. FOX RIVER - LATER AFTERNOON

In a SERIES OF SHOTS we see the poignant Christmas journey. It is a magic experience, poetic, almost picture book, legendary, with nothing eerie about it. Through a SERIES of DISSOLVES AND CUTS - IN LONG SHOTS AND CLOSEUP - we record the journey up the frozen Fox River. As darkness closes in, it begins to snow. Pulling the sled behind him, Jane begins to whimper and Robbie stops to wipe her nose and comfort her. As he trudges on, finally she sleeps.

DISSOLVE TO

126 EXT. THE FOX RIVER - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

Out of the darkness appears dimly the plodding figure of Robbie pulling the sled. He walks into a CLOSE SHOT, stops, looks off.

127 EXT. A MODEST HOME ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

Snow falls over scene, making it almost a Grandma Moses picture postcard. One window of the little salt box house is brightened by a Christmas tree.

128 CLOSE - ROBBIE AND JANE

As he decides this is the house to try. He pulls the sled gently out of scene.

129 MED SHOT - THE HOUSE ON THE RIVER

As Robbie pulls the sled toward it. Now we hear the SOUND of a family singing a Christmas carol. Robbie drops the wooden tongue of the sled, and approaches the house. He knocks.

130 CLOSE SHOT - ROBBIE BEFORE THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE

CAMERA FOLLOWS him BACK to sled. He lifts the sleeping Jane, carries her to the door. It opens. He and the baby are bathed in light from the interior. In the doorway stands MRS. CLARY, a pleasant, jolly, motherly woman. She looks down, sees the incongruous pair.

MRS. CLARY
Well, for the mercy's sake!

ROBBIE
(tired)
Please ma'am, I wonder if you'd care to have a baby.

She opens the door wide, beckons for them to enter, then closes the door gently behind them.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the door, as the theme of the Christmas carol, orchestrated and with a chorus, swells. As it does so, night turns to day, the snow stops falling, the sun's rays brighten the door. Then the MUSIC proceeds diminuendo. The door opens. Robbie, in his mackinaw, steps out, followed by Mrs. Clary.

MRS. CLARY
(with concern)
You sure you'll be all right?

ROBBIE
(smiling - really happy)
Oh yes, ma'am. I like working for Mr. Cullen. I'll be fine.

MRS. CLARY
Well, don't worry about your baby sister. We'll treat her like she was our own.

ROBBIE
Thanks, Mrs. Clary.

He starts off.

(CONTINUED)

130 (CONTINUED)

MRS. CLARY
You come see her sometime...

ROBBIE
(without turning)
Yes, ma'am. And I've got four others to see, too!

Robbie runs off.

131 ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM MRS. CLARY'S P.O.V.

The boy runs down to the river, crosses it, and begins to climb - slower now - the opposite bank. And now as THE END is slowly superimposed over scene, Robbie finds winding path into the trees and climbs steadily, disappearing, reappearing. And as he climbs, the Christmas carol segues into the theme and incidental sounds of our Tone Poem of the Woods, growing louder and louder, as the figure of Robbie grows smaller and smaller. And finally disappears in the forest.

FADE OUT

THE END